THE PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY: SUMMER NUMBER

SUMMER READING.

BEING THE SUMMER NUMBER
OF
THE PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY
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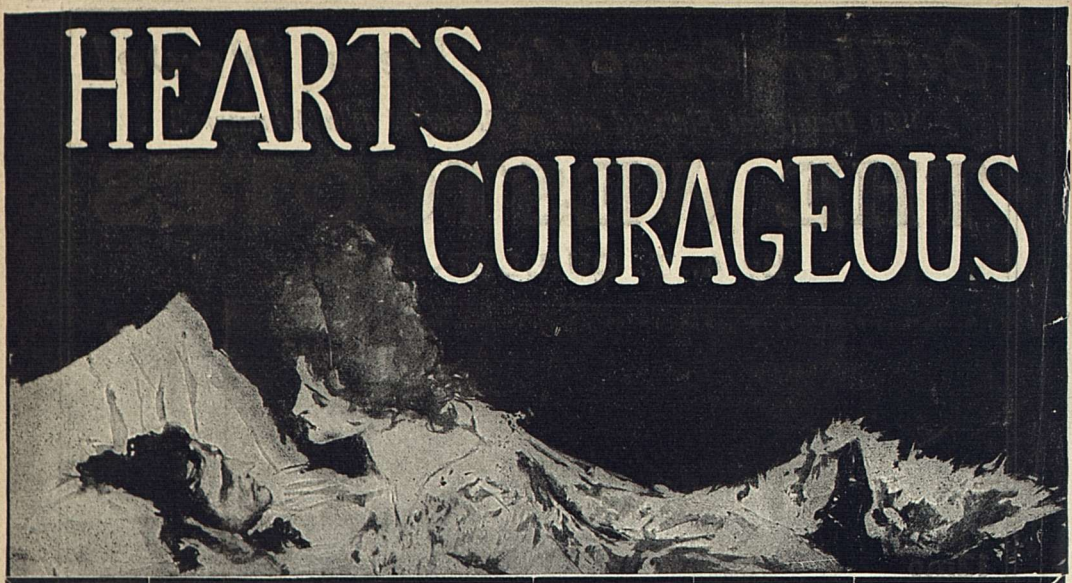

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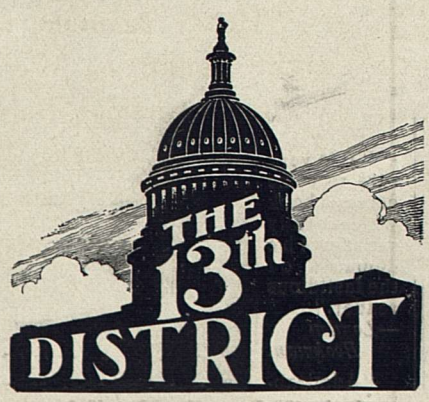

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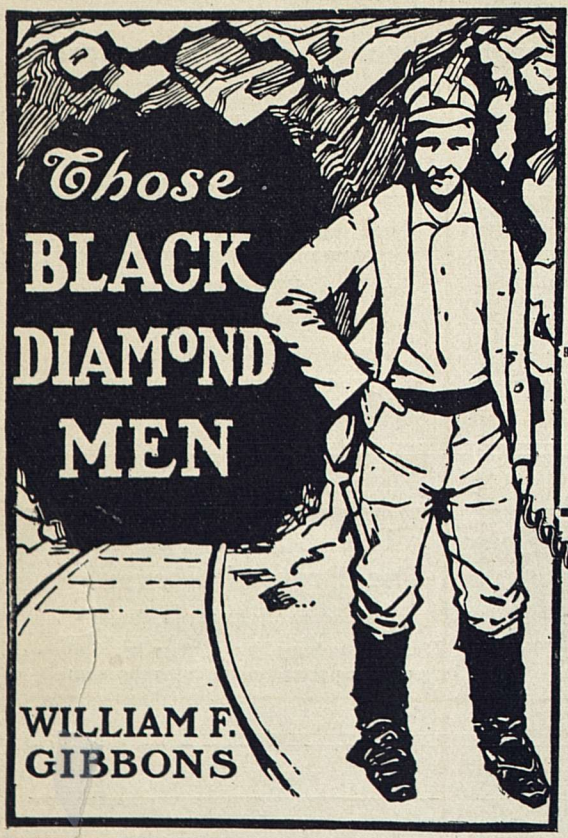

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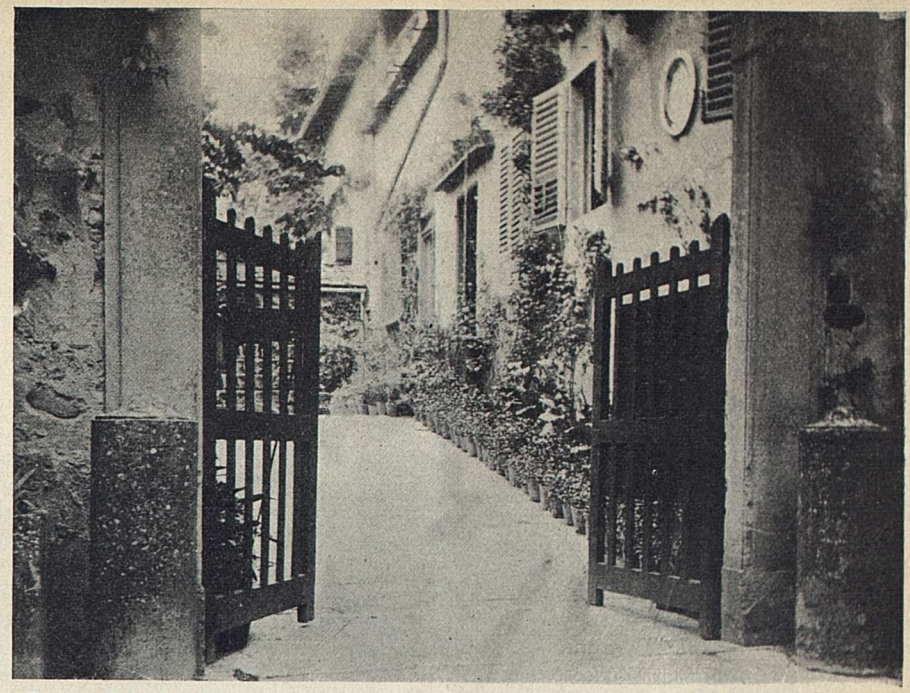


From "In a Tuscan Garden."

Copyright, 1902, by John Lane.

ENTRANCE TO THE AJA.

Garden Literature and Books of Out-door Life.

It was in Eden, evidently, that the love of gardens and gardening had its inception. Lord Bacon in one of his wise and witty essays, entitled "Of Gardens," asserts that "God Almightie first planted a garden." And another quaint old writer says, "Gardens were before gardeners and but some hours after the earth." Since the days of Adam and Eve the same impulse that prompted civilized man to build a home urged him to plant a garden. Parallel with the cultivation and idealization of nature, and growing out of it largely, a literature of experience and experiment has developed rich in practical helpfulness and written with all the wisdom and philosophy that the subject apparently engenders, enthusiastically setting forth the pleasures and consolation to be derived from life in the open. Many of the books on garden culture have grown to be classics. But year by year new ones are added to the extensive list already known, embracing new information and probably more up-to-date methods. The past twelve months have been exceptionally rich in books on gardens and gardening of various kinds, vegetable and fruit gardens receiving as much attention as flower gardens. While books on nature, the out-door life, the birds and insects, have multiplied to a remarkable extent.

From "Diary of a Goose Girl." Copyright, 1902, by Kate Douglas Riggs. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Our aim has been to gather together, with brief notice, the chief of the books of these classes out of the many that have come to our desk. Probably to the untechnical gardener the experiments of amateurs, aiding as well as warning too ardent followers, possess the strongest attractions. Many books of this class are personal narratives, imbued with so warm and poetic an appreciation of the charm of flower culture, and the changing moods of the year, as to be most delightful reading.

A summer experience of a somewhat unique kind may be found in Candace Wheeler's "Content in a Garden," the story of a successful attempt to change a rough pasture in the Catskills into a scene of loveliness, where flowers were grouped not only by color, but in relation to what the writer considered their natural affinities. "The Garden of a Commutor's Wife" gives almost as vivid and amusing a picture of English country life as does "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" of

that of a little corner of Germany. Both testify to a love of flowers and nature that is apparently a natural inheritance. Mrs. Leslie Williams, in "A Garden in the Suburbs"—an English suburb—records "some happy years of garden work under difficulties many and manifold" that is recommended to those "whose ambitions outrun their opportunities." "Stray Leaves from a Border Garden" is a Scotchwoman's diary, written from month to month, in which she entered many facts and many theories derived from her successes and disappointments with not only her flowers, but her fruits and vegetables. Her name is Mary P. Milne-Holme.

An anonymous Englishwoman gives the world the benefit of her delightful experience in making a home in Northern Italy in an attractively illustrated volume called "In a Tuscan Garden," which is rich in information about flower growing and other things; and the Rev. Canon Ellacombe "In My Vicarage Garden and Elsewhere" is as instructive and entertaining as "In a Gloucestershire Garden." "Judith's Garden," by Mary E. Stone Bassett, with much that will please flower lovers, has a heroine and hero, who have a story.

Two English works that have long been out of print are shown in new editions. The one, Forbes Watson's "Flowers and Gardens," exhibits not only a tender love of nature, but an intimate knowledge of her ways, while the other, "Garden Craft Old and New," by John D. Sedding, is offered as an authority upon the laying out of gardens, formal and "architectural." Finely illustrated works, gotten up in exquisite style, are "Formal Gardens in England and Scotland," by H. I. Triggs, and R. Blomfield's "The Formal Garden in England." Equally sumptuous and rich in pictures and plans of real gardens is "American Gardens," edited by Guy Lowell. Mrs. Alice Morse Earle's "Old-Time Gardens" is a "pot-pourri" of fact and fancy relating to all kinds of old-fashioned flowers and gardens. Gertrude Jekyll's two volumes on "Wall and Water Gardens" and "Lilies for English Gardens" are both guides for amateurs, as are Barnard's "A Simple Flower Garden for Country Homes" and Bridgeman's "Flower Gardening." The cultivation of the unpretentious window box, or the care of a few plants that make "sunshine in the shady place," requires knowledge and skill. Many suggestions with plain directions are embraced in Rose's "Window and Parlor Gardening," and in Allen and Godfrey's "Miniature Window Gardening."

More practical guides are offered in the following handbooks: Roberts's "Book of Old-fashioned Flowers," Barnard's "Two Thousand a Year on Fruits and Flowers," Bridgeman's "Kitchen Gardening," "Fruit Gardening" and "The Strawberry Garden"; in the "Book of Orchids," by W. H. White, Ilott's "Book of Asparagus," Thomas's "Book of the Apple," Arnott's "Book of Bulbs," Ward's "Book of the Grape," and Emerson's "Story of the Vine," a monograph on vines and vine culture.

The graceful trees and their varied foliage, the ferns in shady dells, the wild flowers of the fields, have all been studied, for their environment, and for their identification through form and color. Students and readers generally have been considered in preparing these works, which are as beautiful and artistic in make-up, with their numerous colored plates, as they are fascinating in text. Alice Lounsberry has added recently a new work to her well-known volumes in this class—"Southern Wild Flowers and Trees," which includes descriptions of at least one thousand plants—shrubs, vines and various forms of growth, found through the mountains and valleys of the South. Her "Guide to the Wild Flowers" and "Guide to the Trees" may be obtained in new popular editions at a reduced price, with all the original colored plates. Two other works accepted as authorities—Mathews's "Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden" and Mrs. Parsons's (formerly Mrs. Dana's) "According to Season"—have been paid the compliment of new illustrated editions. Reading matter most charming and helpful and always interpreted liberally in black and white has been further illumined with many colored plates. A new pocket botany, entirely untechnical, with many sketches in color and pen and ink, is Mathews's "Field Book of American Wild Flowers." "Flowers and Ferns in their Haunts," by M. O. Wright, and "Our Ferns in their Haunts," by W. N. Clute, and Miss Going's "With the Wild Flowers from Pussy-Willow to Thistle-Down," carry the flower lover into entrancing scenes of wild natural beauty. More technical works still in this line are Gifford's "Practical Forestry," Britton's "Manual of the Flora of the Northern States and Canada," Schwarz's "Forest Trees and Forest Scenery," Huntington's "Studies of Trees in Winter," and Dame and Brooks's "Handbook of the Trees of New England."

The denizens of the forests, be they wild animals or birds, have had their traits and characteristics delineated with most loving

care. They appeal to our sympathies with all the force of human characters. The most recent book of Seton-Thompson's, the founder of the "animal" book, is "Lives of the Hunted," which introduces us to "Krag, the Kortenay ram," "Johnny Bear," "Chink," and other picturesque quadrupeds. C. G. D. Roberts's "The Kindred of the Wild" includes studies of the great eagle, the panther, the wild goose, and all the feathered and furred creatures of the wilderness and the hunted trails. "Wild Life Near Home," by Dallas Lore Sharp, is brilliant in sketches of winter scenery peopled with the wild life of the shores of Delaware Bay. The reader is carried through a cycle of the seasons in Dr. Morton Grinnell's "Neighbours of Field, Wood and Stream." "Wild Life of Orchard and Field" is Ernest Ingersoll's familiar "Friends Worth Knowing" of twenty years ago, in fresh form and up-to-date, with new photographs from animal life. The joys and sorrows of woodland creatures are reproduced entertainingly in W. D. Hulbert's "Forest Neighbors." "Beasts of the Field" and "Fowls of the Air" gather under cover the most instructive of the nature studies of W. J. Long; "Secrets of the Woods," also from his pen, is another of his works young people especially delight in. Pierson's "Among the Night People" is the newest of a long list of books this author has written for the young. It tells of the wakeful creatures that infest the hours from darkness to

From "The Brook Book." Copyright, 1902, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

STEPPING-STONES.

dawn. "Animals in Action," taken from the German by the late E. S. Brooks, offers valuable studies to artists.

Man or woman directly in contact with nature seeking rest or solace is a most interesting figure in many novel experiments. An enchanting narrative of rustic life, embracing vivid impressions of nature at the different seasons, painted with true charm and delicacy, comes from Martha McCulloch-Williams, under the title of "Next to the Ground." A personal experience of a voluntary Crusoe, weary of city life, may be read in Arthur Henry's "An Island Cabin." A bright American girl, "weary of people," seeks rest in a tiny Sussex village, finding congenial occupation in tending the geese and hens and Belgian rabbits. Her story is told by Kate Douglas Wiggin in "The Diary of a Goose Girl." "Footing it in Franconia" is one of Bradford Torry's delightful experiences with nature in the White Mountains. Gray's "Musings by Campfire and Wayside" are papers of the far Northern woods. A new revised edition of Thwaites's "Down Historic Waterways" describes a novel outing through the heart of the Northwest. Heath's "Eighty Good Times out of Doors" carries a message to young and old.

Bird books, almost innumerable, claim the attention. "Hezekiah's Wives," the story of a canary and his mates, told by Lily H. French, has a most graceful style and tender charm. "Nestlings of Forest and Marsh," by Mrs. I. G. Wheelock, is based upon observations made near the lake shore of Chicago. Add to these Mrs. Miller's "Second Book of Birds," Selous's "Bird Watching," Herrick's **Home Life of Wild Birds**," Hudson's "Birds and Man," Fowler's "More Tales of the Birds," and Astley's "My Birds in Freedom and Captivity."

"The Brook Book," by Mrs. M. R. Miller, is one of the notably attractive nature books, fresh in style and information. The author follows the history of a brook from January to December, sketching its changes and its inhabitants and its visitors. Mrs. Miller is a lecturer on nature study at Cornell. "The Speckled Brook Trout," a very beautifully printed and bound book, by various experts with rod and reel, edited by Louis Rhead, contains the kind of information so eagerly sought by the fisherman. Other works for the followers of Izaac Walton and sportsmen generally are Turner's "Giant Fishes of Florida," Jordan and Esermann's "Food and Game Fishes," Job's "Among the Waterfowl," and the volumes of "The American Sportsman's Library," of which the initial volume has just been published—"The Deer Family," by Theodore Roosevelt and others.

Entomology gains fresh disciples every day. New books in this field are: Weed's "Nature Biographies," Howard's "The Insect Book," Dickerson's "Moths and Butterflies," and Kirby's "Familiar Butterflies and Moths." The wonders of the heavens and the secrets of the ocean are understandingly discussed in Jacoby's "Practical Talks by an Astronomer," Serviss's "Other Worlds," Giberne's "The Mighty Deep and What We Know of It," and Ball's "The Earth's Beginning." In view of recent occurrences two valuable works in Appleton's *International Scientific Series* are recalled of especial interest to the general reader—Judd's "Volcanoes" and Professor Milne's "Earthquakes."

From "Wild Life of Orchard and Field." Copyright, 1880–1902, by Harper & Brothers.

AN INQUIRING WOODCHUCK.

From "Honor of the Braxtons." Copyright, 1902, by J. F. Taylor & Co.

A VISIT TO VICTOR HUGO.

Some Novels for Summer Reading.

A MORE cheerful note than we have been treated to in the near past has been sounded in some of the recent novels—one more in sympathy with the joyous side of life and the pleasure simply of living. The days of the "problem" novel for the time being are ended, while those of the historical novel are numbered. Fiction has gone back seemingly to first principles, as a means only of amusement and entertainment. In so doing it has gained in charm and artistic finish, and more successfully fulfills its intended mission as a banisher of "dull care."

CLARA MORRIS.

Author of "A Pasteboard Crown." Copyright, 1902, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

There are so many new and good novels claiming attention that it is difficult to point out the ones best worth reading. We shall not take them in the order of their merit, but just haphazard, as they come to our recollection. The brief reminder that it is only possible for us to give may serve, we trust, as a help in making out reading lists for the summer vacation. Many more novels than we shall have space here to mention may be found in our list of "New Novels and Short Stories"—appealing probably in some cases more directly to individual tastes than any we may cite.

Few novels come so close to the very heart of nature as do Mrs. Henry Dudeney's "Spindle and Plough" and Elizabeth Godfrey's "The Winding Road." Both are redolent of the soil and overflowing with descriptions of beautiful English scenery, in out-of-the-way corners of the British Isle. Mrs. Dudeney's admirers will recall her as a pessimistic writer of a rather gloomy type. But in "Spindle and Plough," some sad transcripts from real life are offset by scenes of rich humor. The ennobling influence of outdoor work is convincingly illustrated in her heroine, who follows the unusual occupation for a woman of a landscape gardener. The healthy tone of the novel is its leading qual-

HENRY HARLAND.

Author of "The Lady Paramount." Copyright, 1902, by John Lane.

ity. Music plays a large part in "The Winding Road," as it did in the author's previous novels. A gipsy lover and a wandering life fall to the lot of a commonplace woman. The nooks and corners of England, and the woods and sheltered valleys of Europe are tramped through in search of happiness. Jennette Lee's "The Son of a Fiddler" naturally follows Miss Godfrey's work. It, too, exalts the power and fascination of music, and shows how it swayed the life and changed the destiny of a New England boy of Puritan ancestry. Early theatrical life in the last days of the stage-coaches is picturesquely treated in Frederick S. Isham's "The Strollers." The adventures of a troop of wandering players making a circuit of the wilderness from New York to New Orleans in wagons and stages are fresh and amusing.

While Ellen Glasgow's first and second novel were full of promise, a work so artistic and complete as "The Battleground" comes as a surprise. The novel goes back to days in the South antedating the Civil War. Miss Glasgow writes of the lavish hospitality of Virginia with a warmth and graphic power that recall Dickens. The character sketching includes pictures of the devoted slave and his often much-loved master, and two charming heroines. The Confederate side of the war has its story told with all the pathos that belongs to it. What shall we say of "Audrey"—"Audrey," that every one is reading or has read? It is Mary Johnston's best work so far—that she will surpass it, is doubtful. Again she visits Virginia in colonial times for her scenes and characters. The wild nature with which she surrounds her dryad-like heroine has scarcely ever been painted with more brilliant colors than in the many and varied pictures which enrich the novel.

A bright, dainty, witty novel is Henry Harland's "My Lady Paramount." The motive is found in Italy, but the story plays in England—and in such a delightful corner of England!—and in such dainty style—the same that made "The Cardinal's Snuff Box"

From "Bylow Hill." Copyright, 1902, by Charles Scribner s Sons.

"FATHER," LAUGHED THE DAUGHTER, "ISN'T THIS RATHER YOUNGISH."

From "The Thrall of Leif the Lucky." Copyright, 1902, by A. C. McClurg & Co.

LET US FORGET EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD.

so memorable and attractive. Mrs. Wharton's "The Valley of Decision" marks an epoch in the writer's literary life—as her first long novel. The revolutionary movement that swept Europe in the eighteenth century is depicted in its effects upon Italian life and government, and especially in its developments in one small kingdom, the head of which is the hero. This story has often been told before, but rarely better or with more intensity and sympathy. The grace and distinction of Mrs. Wharton's style have been widely praised.

Chatfield-Taylor in "The Crimson Wing" offers a story of the Franco-Prussian war, with a delightful heroine, half French and half American. "The Honor of the Braxtons," by J. W. Fosdick, takes readers to the Latin Quarter of Paris, spending happy hours with American art students. "Drewett's Dream," by W. L. Alden, is a charming conceit reminiscent of the late war of Greece and Turkey. E. F. Benson's "Scarlet and Hyssop" lacks the brilliancy of "Dodo," but is very readable. Like "Dodo," it has its scene among the smart set of London. Mrs. Wright's "The Aliens" ventures into an almost untried field—the painful social conditions as they exist almost in the present, as far south as the black belt. The exquisite country, the enervating but fascinating climate, are brought vividly before the reader.

Three novels published at one time this month represent the chief literary work of a young American writer—Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Miss Sedgwick has long lived abroad, her novels reflecting the home life there she had every opportunity of studying. "The Rescue" is the latest of her works, having attracted unusual attention in its run through *The Century*. The other volumes in new revised editions are "The Dull Miss Archinard" and "The Confounding of Camelia." They are recommended to any one seeking a refined, unsensational novel. Also may be placed in the same category Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Making of

a Marchioness" and "The Methods of Lady Walderhurst."

Some late American fiction of special interest are Bret Harte's last volume of short stories—"Openings in the Old Trail"—and Frank Stockton's last novel—"Kate Bonnet"—the latter being imbued with all the lamented author's unique humor. The author of "When Knighthood Was in Flower"—Charles Major—appeals again to his many thousand readers with an Elizabethan story entitled "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." William Dean Howells has just finished "The Kentons." A young journalist, A. L. Rouse, tells the story of her home-making in "Under My Own Roof." George W. Cable's "The Cavalier" recalls one of our most delightful writers. His "Bylow Hill," just published, has its scene in Massachusetts. Frederic Remington, Howard Chandler Christy, Walter Appleton Clark, E. M. Ashe, and Frederick Dorr Steele have united their artistic talents in an effort to make Richard Harding Davis's new volume of short stories, "Ranson's Folly," one of the finest works in every respect that we have yet had from this popular writer. Still to be remembered are Hamlin Garland's "The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop" and Fox's volume of Kentucky tales, "Blue Grass and Rhododendron." "Graystone," by W. J. Nicolls, has a special charm, as has also Dix and Harper's "The Beau's Comedy." "Mary Garvin," a story of a New Hampshire summer, by Fred Lewis Pattee, abounds in clever dialogue and humorous characters.

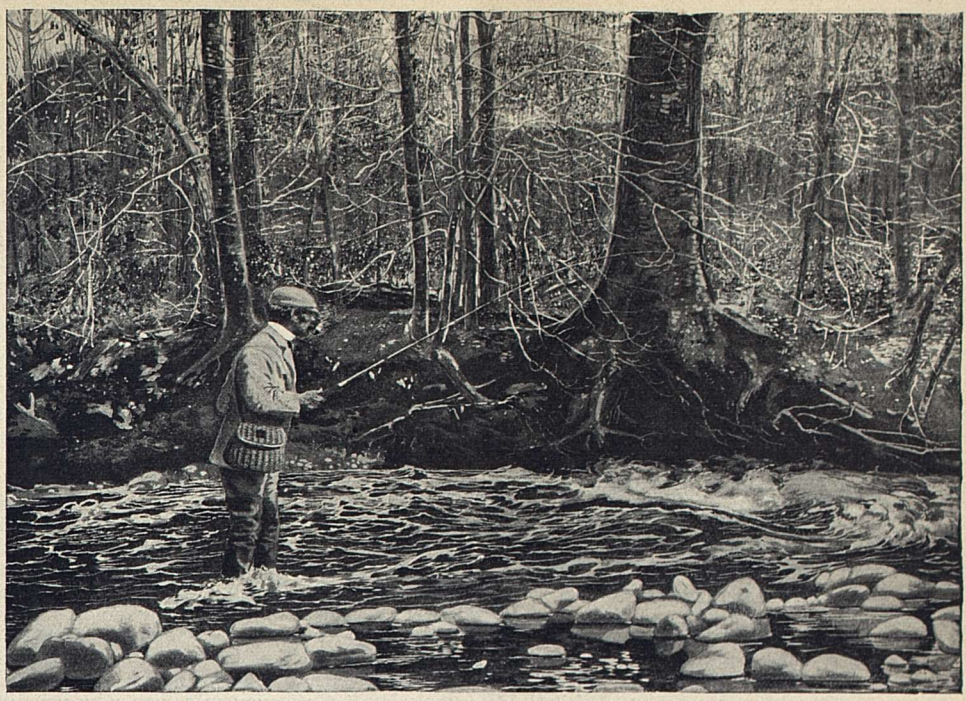
The unknown author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" has given us a novel of German life called "The Benefactress," full of fun and humorous situations. "Cinderella," S. R. Crockett's latest, has its scene in Scotland. "The Fortune of Christina McNab," by S. Macnaughton, is most felicitous in the telling. Mrs. Croker's "The Cat's Paw" carries one into the centre of the Anglo-Indian society of India. "Her Serene Highness," by D. G. Phillips, is a "Prisoner of Zenda" story. "If I Were King" is the delightful story upon which Justin H. McCarthy's delightful play is based. "The Thrall of Leif the Lucky," by O. A. Liljencrantz, goes back to the old viking days. Quiller-Couch's "The Westcotes" is a pretty story in pretty surroundings of an English country family in the times of the Napoleonic wars.

The novels of Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott can only be called new in point of editions, and because of their perennial youth and freshness. There are still readers beyond compute for these standard writers, to whom, we know, it will be good news to learn of the new and exquisite little editions of their novels in the market. The paper on which they are printed is so thin that a whole novel is brought within the compass of a tiny volume. We cannot wish our summer readers a more delightful pocket companion than one of these stories of world-wide fame. In Charles Dickens's works there are two different editions, both equally choice. The one printed on Nelson India paper (Nelson), the thinnest printing paper in the world, on which also is printed Thackeray and Scott. The other edition of Dickens, printed on the Oxford India paper, is quite as desirable, (Oxford Univ. Press.)

Other titles might be quoted, but for additional ones we refer our readers to the classified lists under "Books for Summer Reading." Here will be found the novels and short stories of the past year, with prices and publishers, with lists of nature books, books of travel and description, etc.

From "Ranson's Folly." Copyright, 1902, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A SLIGHT DELAY.



From "The Speckled Brook Trout." Copyright, 1902, by Robert Howard Russell.

THE WILLOWEMOC.

A Disciple of Walton.

From "The Speckled Brook Trout." (R. H. Russell.)

MAY is the fly-casters' month; the stream then is generally at a good height for wading; the flies are on the water and the trout are on the rise; the birds are flying north and all the air is filled with the melody of their song; the mountain-sides are painted their exquisite tints, not the gorgeous reds and yellows of autumn, but the pale tints of early spring: the mauves, the steel-grays, the lemon-yellows and pink and soft purple and blue—all those light impressions—with only here and there a bit of red maple or green hemlock to heighten the color. Then to start in at some part of the stream that you have decided upon the previous evening; to feel the rush of water about you and the constantly moving pictures of nature; to breathe in deep the pure, cool mountain air; the excitement of casting your flies and the constant expectation of a lusty trout—here is a life worth living. How the hours fly by! You look at your watch; it is two o'clock; you say to yourself, "What have you done?" "Where have you been? It seems but a moment ago that you started in; how the time does fly!" What a joy it is to be entirely alone with nature—to feel that you are a part of all that is going on; that the birds are singing for you, the flowers are blooming for you; the lovely violets on the edge of the water, the great splashes of white blossoms on the "shin-hopple," the rich red of the wake-robin and the white and red flowers of the trillium—all for you! And then, again, to reach the pool that is your especial delight, the pool that you dreamed of all winter. You wade in carefully and take your stand from where you can cast your flies over all the favorite spots, every one of which brings back a memory of some former visit when you had landed a beauty. Ah, that's the life! to feel that you are a part of nature, and that your love for her is the one great, absorbing theme of your existence.

A Mock Consecration.

From Mason's "A Lily of France." (The Griffith and Rowland Press.)

CHARLOTTE DE BOURBON, crossing the wide, octagonal chapter-house chamber, now mounted to a raised and canopied stone seat, and standing before it, lifted her right hand, pronouncing in a clear voice the words:

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen."

Every person in the room had risen and stood now with eyes fixed upon the young abbess, listening with eager ears for what should follow.

Without tremor or hesitation she proceeded to address the chapter, the nuns, the novices and servants in words of affectionate greeting, and all marvelled greatly at the authority with which she spoke.

"I have called you together," she said, "to cite you to the past, imploring your pity for what I have suffered and your pardon for my neglect, my ignorance, and my faults. I have not been your head; I have been scarce better to you than a plaything or an ornament. I have not been a woman, but a child.

"Dear sisters of our holy order, I have this to say to you in few words, as I have no gift

CAROLINE A. MASON.

Author of "A Lily of France." Copyright, 1901, by The American Baptist Pub. Soc. (Griffith & Rowland Press.)

of speech to hold you long. I was made your abbess in my childhood, against my will and my most earnest protests and prayers, and only because it was my father's wish. With bitter tears and a broken heart, being driven by cruel threats and heartless menaces, I came into your presence, scarcely conscious, such was my confusion and anguish, yielding only because my childish feebleness had been overborne by the force of tyranny. Thus I received my sacrosanct investiture as abbess of this house.

"But how was this holy office solemnized? No bishop bestowed the benediction, but an unqualified priest. The good Bishop of Meaux would not have consented to such a mockery, and his presence was not desired. Madame du Paraclete, who gave me the veil, was not herself an ordained abbess, and consequently could not make my profession lawful; the written paper from which I read my vows was a counterfeit, a travesty on the real vows, smoothed and altered to pacify my childish fears."

As Charlotte de Bourbon continued, recalling and recounting these circumstances of her consecration, a scarlet spot burned on either cheek, a high and imperious light flashed from her eyes, her voice rang through the vaulted room fearless and firm. She was every inch the daughter of a kingly line.

A Woman's Weapon.

From Laut's "Heralds of Empire." (Appleton.)

I MIND the first Sunday M. Radisson led her out like a queen to the mess-room table. When our voyageurs went upstream for M. Picot's hidden furs, her story had got noised about the fort. Officers, soldiers, and sailors had seated themselves at the long benches on either side the table, but M. Radisson's place was empty and a sort of throne chair had been extemporized at the head of the table. An angry question went from group to group to know if M. Radisson designed such a place of honour for the two leaders of our prisoners—under lock in the guard-room. M. de Groseillers only laughed and bade the fellows contain their souls and stomachs in patience. A moment later, the door to the quarters where Hortense lived was thrown open by a red-coated soldier, and out stepped M. Radisson leading Hortense by the tips of her dainty fingers, the ebon faces of the two blackamoors grinning delight behind.

You could have heard a pin fall among our fellows. Then there was a noise of armour clanking to the floor. Every man unconsciously took to throwing his pistol under the table, flinging sword-belt down and hiding daggers below benches. Of a sudden, the surprise went to their heads.

"Gentlemen," began M. Radisson.

But the fellows would have none of his grand speeches. With a cheer that set the rafters ringing, they were on their feet; and to Mistress Hortense's face came a look that does more for the making of men than all New England's laws or my uncle's blasphemy boxes or King Charles's dragoons. You ask what that look was? Go to, with your teasings! A lover is not to be asked his whys! I ask you in return why you like the spire of a cathedral pointing up instead of down; or why the muses lift souls heavenward? Indeed, of all the fine arts granted the human race to lead men's thoughts above the sordid brutalities of living, methinks woman is the finest; for God's own hand fashioned her, and she was the last crowning piece of all His week's doings. The finest arts are the easiest spoiled, as you know very well; and if you demand how Mistress Hortense could escape harm amid all the wickedness of that wilderness, I answer it is a thing that your townsfolk cannot know.

It is of the wilderness.

A Glimpse of Havana.

From Bangs's "Uncle Sam, Trustee." (Riggs Pub. Co.)

THE sea-wall on Sunday afternoons is crowded by Cubans of all sorts and conditions; and of all ages, from pranksome youth, romping, while the police are looking the other way, along the coping of the wall itself, to the solemn, sedate, and contemplative patriarch seated on the benches, gazing out over the waters of the Gulf and letting its beauties soak into the recesses of his weary brain. At night, especially on moonlight nights, one finds not a few evidences hereon that, however strict the regulations of society may be, all Cuban maidens are not required to sit under the espionage of duennas at important crises of life—or if so required are sometimes able to escape an irksome association; and as a substitute for the nightcap of Northern latitudes I found a stroll to La Punta and a brief moment thereon shortly before retiring a delightful and fitting climax to the day.

John James Audubon.

From Burroughs' "Audubon." (Small, Maynard & Co.)

AUDUBON was not in the first instance a man of science, like Cuvier, or Agassiz, or Darwin—a man seeking exact knowledge; but he was an artist and a backwoodsman, seeking adventure, seeking the gratification of his tastes, and to put on record his love of the birds. He was the artist of the birds before he was their historian; the writing of their biographies seems to have been only secondary with him.

He had the lively mercurial temperament of the Latin races from which he sprang. He speaks of himself as "warm, irascible, and at times violent."

His perceptive powers, of course, led his reflective. His sharpness and quickness of eye surprised even the Indians. He says, "My *observatory nerves* never gave way."

His similes and metaphors were largely drawn from the animal world. Thus he says, "I am as dull as a beetle," during his enforced stay in London. While he was showing his drawings to Mr. Rathbone he says, "I was panting like the winged pheasant." At a dinner in some noble house in England he said that the men servants "moved as quietly as killdeers." On another occasion, when the hostess failed to put him at his ease, "There I stood, motionless as a heron."

With all his courage and buoyancy, Audubon was subject to fits of depression, largely the result probably of his enforced separation from his family. On one occasion in Edinburgh he speaks of these attacks, and refers pathetically to others he has had: "But that was in beloved America, where the ocean did not roll between me and my wife and sons."

Never was a more patriotic American. He loved his adopted country above all other lands in which he had journeyed.

"Taps" at West Point.

From Hancock's "Life at West Point." (Putnam.)

SHARP at the moment of ten o'clock, three blows are struck on a drum before the Cadet Guard House. This is "taps"—the soldier's signal, the world over, that the day's work is done.

A moment before the sounds of bugle and drum, lights have been shining through every window. At first vibratian of "taps" these lights, except those of the first-class men, go out with almost the unity of a perfect volley. And now a new series of lights appears, twinkling with the rapidity and flitting of the will-o'-the-wisp. Since the close of the day's studies there has been a cadet guard on duty. At first peal of "taps," the members of this guard—subdivision inspectors, they are now styled—have started on the upper floors, provided with dark lanterns. There are flashes of light seen through the windows of the upper floors of the sombre gray barracks. For an instant there is a glare of light visible through the stairway window as the monitor runs down to the floor below. More flashes, more glares, and seemingly almost as soon as they have started the cadet monitors are out in the quadrangle reporting to the Cadet Officer of the Day that they have found all of the cadets in their rooms and abed.

From "Life at West Point." Copyright, 1902, by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

AT DINNER.

A Wake-up Song.

From C. G. D. Roberts's "Poems." (L. C. Page & Co.)

SUN 's up; wind 's up! Wake up, dearies!
Leave your coverlets white and downy.
June 's come into the world this morning.
Wake up, Golden Head! Wake up, Brownie!

Dew on the meadow-grass, waves on the water,
Robins in the rowan-tree wondering about you!
Don't keep the buttercups so long waiting.
Don't keep the bobolinks singing without you.

Wake up, Golden Head! Wake up, Brownie!
Cat-bird wants you in the garden soon.
You and I, butterflies, bobolinks, and clover,
We 've a lot to do on the first of June.

A Whale Hunt.

From Bullen's "Deep-Sea Plunderings." (Appleton.)

WITHOUT a pause for rest, and in the same utter stillness, we toiled on for at least two hours. It was back-breaking work, and but for the splendid training we were in we could not possibly have held out. Then suddenly from ahead came a yell of wild laughter, the most blood-chilling sound surely ever heard. Immediately following it we saw a veritable hill of light upraise itself out of the sea ahead, and realized that at last our quarry was brought to bay. "In paddles, out oars!" yelled the officers, and as we obeyed we were aware that a terrific commotion was in progress ahead. The greenish-glaring spray ascended in long jets, and the dull boom of mighty blows reverberated over the hitherto quiet sea. Pulling till our sinews cracked, we reached the storm-centre, and, by what seemed a miracle, actually succeeded in getting fast to the whale—every boat did that, although it seemed to many of us a suicidal policy under the circumstances. Shouts and curses resounded until a voice was heard that enforced silence, the far-reaching tones of Captain Cushing, who was nearest to the foe, but for all his ability was unable to do more once he had got fast. For now the whale had settled down into a steady straightforward rush at the rate of about fourteen knots an hour, the five boats sweeping along in his wake like meteors glancing across the deep darkness of the night. The whale could not be seen. Only at long intervals did he slant upwards and, with a roar like the lifting of an overloaded safety-valve, disappear again.

So on we went through the warm quiet night without the slightest sign of slackening until the gladsome light of dawn quickened on the sea-rim, and showed us that we were alone—there was no sign of the ship. A gaunt and haggard crew we looked, anxiety scoring deep furrows in our wan faces. And as the sun sprang into the sky we suddenly came to a dead stop. The strain on the line compelled us to pay out, and thus we hovered in a circle, bows awash, and awaited the pleasure of our foe. There was a sudden upspringing of all boats, a hasty manœuvring to clear one another as far as might be, and, before any of us could have imagined it possible, high into our midst leaped the spotted whale, his awful jaws agape, and his whole body writhing in its evolution. Straight for the skipper's boat he came, taking it diagonally, and, with a crash that set all our teeth on edge, she disappeared. A mist arose before our sight, the spray of the conflict filling the air, but, fired beyond fear by the wholesale tragedy we believed had taken place, we bent to our oars till they cracked, thirsting for that monster's blood. As we came bounding to the spot he disappeared, and, to our unspeakable amazement (though we had no time to show it) all the destroyed boat's crew reappeared. But if Captain Cushing had looked dangerous before, his appearance now was that of a demoniac. His cap was gone, so that the yellow dome of his head loomed strangely in the early morning light, his clothing hung from him in ribbons, and his right arm dangled as if only held by a few sinews. He had come right out of the whale's jaws. All the others were scathless.

A Pirate's Retreat.

From Walsh's "Allin Winfield." (Buckles.)

'TWAS a home and kingdom not to be ashamed of; for never did landscape seem brighter, nor tropical wealth more abundant. The men of the kingdom were a motley crowd; and they were busy unloading boxes and bales that revealed the wealth of many a noble ship. There were barrels and casks that contained plenty of rum; and some had been imbibing too freely of their contents. They were men of all colors and nationalities—the scum and outlaws of two continents. There were deserters from warships; outlawed privateersmen; murderers and cutthroats from Malay to Spain. They wore picturesque garbs of every conceivable cut and fashion; some adorned with silken coats and robes of Spanish grandees; others clothed in coarse, dirty leathern dress slashed at waist and shoulders with silk and woven gold. Rings and chains adorned in barbaric fashion swarthy chests and fingers, dangling pendant from slashed ears, and caught up in loops about necks and arms. Picturesque, though coarse and brutal, they were in fine incongruity with the beauty of the tropical setting.

A boat hove up to the ship's side; a dozen oars sprung into position; and Sandy spoke thus to me: "Here's the cap'n's boat; an' ye're to go in it."

Following his lead, I scrambled over the side of the *Black Racer*, bidding a quiet farewell to my prison ship; but what I was exchanging it for I knew not. It could not be, I thought, much worse; yet little did I know.

Fortune's Grim Chance.

From Hough's "The Mississippi Bubble." (Bowen-Merrill Co.)

TEGANISORIS would play this game with all possible mystery and importance. It should be told generations hence about the council fires, how he, Teganisoris, devised this game, how he played it, how he drew it out link by link to the last atom of its agony. There was no receptacle at hand in which the dice could be placed. Teganisoris stooped, and without ceremony wrenched from Mary Connynge's foot the moccasin which covered it—

the little shoe—beaded, beautiful, and now again fateful. Sir Arthur smiled as though in actual joy.

"My friend," said he, "I have won! This might be the very slipper for which we played at the Green Lion long ago."

Law turned upon him a face pale and solemn. "Sir," said he, "I pray to God that the issue may not be as when we last parted. I pray God that the dice may elect me and not yourself."

and stepped forward to the line which had been drawn upon the ground. The red spots still burned upon her cheeks; her eyes, amber, feline, still flamed hard and dry. She still glanced rapidly from one to the other her eye as lightly quick and as brilliant as that of the crouched cat about to spring. Her hand was raised above her head. Her face was turned once more to John Law, her master, her commander, her repudiator. Slowly she turned the moccasin over in her hand.

From "The Mississippi Bubble. Copyright, 1902, by Bowen-Merrill Co.

JOHN LAW AND LADY CATHERINE KNOLLYS.

"You were ever lucky in the games of chance," replied Pembroke.

"Too lucky," said Law. "But the winner here is the loser, if it be myself."

Teganisoris roughly took from Mary Connynge's hand the little bits of bone. He cast them into the hollow of the moccasin and shook them dramatically together, holding them high above his head. Then he lowered them and took out from the receptacle two of the dice. He placed his hand on Law's shoulder, signifying that his was to be the first cast. Then he handed back the moccasin to the woman.

Mary Connynge took the shoe in her hand The white bone fell first, the red for a moment hanging in the soft folds of the buckskin. She shook it out. It fell with its face nearly parallel to the ground and alighted not more than a foot from the line, rebounding scarce more than an inch or so. Low exclamations arose from all around the thickened circle.

"As I said, my friend," cried Sir Arthur, "I have won! The throw is passing close for you."

Teganisoris again caught Mary Connynge by the shoulder, and dragged her a step or so farther along the line, the two dice being left on the ground as they had fallen. Once

From "The Boer Fight for Freedom." Copyright, 1902, by Funk & Wagnalls Co.

PRETORIA TOWN BURGHERS AT THE FRONT.

more her hand arose, once more it turned, once more the dice were cast.

The goddess of fortune still stood faithful to this bold young man who had so often confidently assumed her friendship.

The white and red bone fell together from the moccasin. Had it been the white that counted, Sir Arthur had been saved, for the white bone lay actually upon the line. The red fell almost as close, but alighted on its end. As though impelled by some spirit of evil, it dropped upon some little pebble or hard bit of earth, bounded into the air, fell, and rolled quite away from the mark!

Even on that crowd of cruel savages there came a silence. Of the whites, one scarce dared look at the other. Slowly the faces of Pembroke and Law turned one toward the other.

"Would to God I could shake you by the hand," said Pembroke. "Good by."

"As for you, dogs and worse than dogs," he cried, turning toward the red faces about him, "mark you! where I stand the feet of the white man shall stand forever, and crush your faces into the dirt!"

The Last Meeting of the Volksraad.

From Davitt's "The Boer Fight for Freedom." (Funk & Wagnalls.)

A SILENCE as of a churchyard fell upon the whole Assembly, and the suggestion of a funeral service was forced upon the mind, with the wreaths on the vacant chairs, the dark costumes of the members, and the long prayer in which the proceedings had been previously opened. The raucous voice of the speaker sounded like the valedictory address of a minister committing a body to the custody of a grave, and the suggestion was irresistibly conveyed that the President of the Transvaal was performing the burial service upon his own Republic.

Soon, however, this mortuary idea was dispelled. The President's voice became clearer and the words more coherent, the address ringing out in a mingled strain of invective and defiance. It was the first time I had heard him speak. His deficiency in intellectual culture, his reputed ignorance, and all the other English kindly testimonies to his want of Anglo-Saxon excellence, while read with some degree of skepticism, invited doubt as to Oom Paul's gifts of eloquent deliverance. He is, however, a natural orator; rugged in speech, lacking in measured phrase and in logical balance, but passionate and convincing in the unaffected pleading of his earnestness which is joined to a happy command of the Boer tongue in all its native power of persuasive expression.

The speaker soon lost himself in the warmth of his subject, and he held his audience spellbound until his final sentence was spoken with its defiant ring and meaning: "I am standing alone! Joubert is dead, Kock is dead, Wolmarans is dead. I stand alone. But God is with us. Shall we lose courage? Never! Never! Never!" and at each utterance of this word the massive hand descended on the desk and made the chamber resound with the emphasis of the blow. It was in every word, sentiment and action the speech of Paul Kruger.

On the 29th of May, 1900, President Kruger and other members of the executive took their departure from the city eastward to Machadodorp, and the capital of the little republic was left to its fate. On the 5th of June Louis Botha and Lukas Meyer bade farewell to their families, vaulted into their saddles, and followed in the rear of the still retreating Boer columns, eastward out of Pretoria, as the British were entering the city through the southern gap in the circle of surrounding hills.

Louis Botha's last words on leaving the city thus violated again, after twenty years of freedom, by the entry of the British flag, were: "We will fight them to the death!"

The Rector's Raffling Caller.

From Gibbon's "Those Black Diamond Men." (Revell.)

WARNE'S first visitor was not a parishioner. Indeed she did not know that she was visiting the rector, or she might not have dared to enter the rectory. The housekeeper had left the front door unlocked, and so the old woman had entered without the formality of ringing the bell. Once inside, she wandered about until she reached the rector's study. Standing just inside the curtained doorway, she made a slight noise to attract his attention.

She was a dried-up, bent, old woman, with a pleasing, rubicund countenance in which the wrinkles which indicated shrewdness were criss-crossed with about an equal number indicating kindliness.

"Well?" he said, thinking it was his housekeeper, without raising his eyes from the line he was writing.

"It's a foine winther's day," she said, drawing a step nearer to the desk where he sat.

Warne rose and placed a chair for her, but she refused to sit down.

"It's a nice place ye have here at all. Sure ye must be very comfortable here durin' the cold weather."

"Will you tell me, please, what I can do for you?" he asked.

"Well thin, yer honour," she said, consenting under necessity to waive further polite remarks, "I've some tickets here that I t'ought a gintleman like yersilf would be buyin'," fumbling in the bosom of her dress as she spoke and producing some greasy strips of numbered pink cardboard.

"I don't want them," he said without touching them.

"But ye haven't looked at thim!" she said simply. "Ye don't know what ye'll miss. It's for a neighbour iv mine, Tim Phelan, that I'm sellin' thim. The poor man! he got his eye hurted, an' the b'ys is givin' him a binefit. He's got five wake childer, an' it's four months now since he c'u'd do a tap. God help us all! we anny wan iv us might be in the same state nixt. Ye niver c'n tell at all, whin ye goes intil the mines, what day ye'll come out kilt. We ought all to help wan another as far as we kin. Ye'll take all iv thim tickets, for sure? A gintleman like yersilf won't feel the price iv thim, an' ye might save the cost, if ye should win the prize.

"The prize? What in the world do you mean?"

"Sure the prize in the raffle! It's a foine feather bed entirely. An' besides, the tickets admits ye to the binefit ball that they'll be holdin' overhead the hotel where the drawin's to take place. 'Tis Mark Owens's hotel, right up the hill an' forninst the breaker. Perhaps a gintleman like yersilf wouldn't care for the ball, but ye c'u'd buy the whole four of the tickets for yer frinds. 'Tw'u'd help poor Phelan along, an' you'd niver feel it." She laid four tickets down on his desk as she spoke.

From "Those Black Diamond Men." Copyright, 1902, by Fleming H. Revell Co.

THERE HAD BEEN A FALL OF ROOF.

"But I don't believe in raffles," the rector managed to say when she paused a moment for breath.

"But 'Squire Barber himsilf will conduct it,—a man that's niver been accused iv annything crooked. An' the bed! Oh! it's a foine bed entirely! Sure, the bist bed they had in the house an' but little used. Take two tickets, thin, if ye don't want the four iv them. It's great merit that ye'll make, an' as foine a bed as there is in the town!"

"You don't understand me; I don't think a raffle is right."

"But don't I say to ye, that the poor man was sick these four month past? He's got his eye hurted that bad he can't work."

She did not mention the fact that the eye had been injured in an argument over the relative merits of two rival beneficial societies, and that the society for which Phelan had so valiantly done battle had gone into bankruptcy only a week after he had been wounded, leaving him without benefits from the lodge.

"But I don't like raffling. It's gambling. I don't think it is right."

"Is it gamblin' ye say? Sure there won't be a card in the house,—at laste not outside the bar-room. 'Twill all be done by 'Squire Barber, blindfolded as fair as ye plaze, an' drawin' the numbers out iv his hat. Besides the man has five weak childer, an' what c'u'd he do, if his frinds didn't give him this binefit? Say ye'll take this wan ticket annyhow? I'll wait till afther the nixt pay for the money. 'Tis but a dollar, an' ye'd have the same chanst as annywan ilse to win a foine feather bed."

She stood a moment longer till the housekeeper, whom the rector summoned, led her away. As she went down the hall he heard the story of the five weak children repeated. The housekeeper, being a woman, quickly disposed of her by turning her over to the cabman who had come to take the rector to a funeral; while the cabman, having no one to call to his assistance, or being hopeful of winning the fine feather bed, purchased one of the tickets which the rector had refused.

His Country's Flag.

From Quiller-Couch's "The Westcotes." (*Coates.*)

"Reassure yourself, Miss Westcote," said M. de Tocqueville. "There has been no bloodshed, though bloodshed was challenged. It appears that almost as the coach drew up there arrived from the westward a post-chaise conveying a young naval officer from Plymouth, with despatches and (I regret to tell it) a flag. His Britannic Majesty has captured another of our frigates; and the highspirited young gentleman was making the most of it in all innocence, and without an idea that his triumph could offend anyone in Axcester. Unfortunately, on his way up the street, he waved the captured tricolor under the nose of your brother's *protégé*, M. Raoul—"

"M. Raoul!" Dorothea caught her breath on the name.

"And M. Raoul leapt into the chaise, then and there wrested the flag from him—the more easily no doubt because he expected nothing so little—and holding it aloft, challenged him to mortal combat. Theatrically, and apart from the taste of it (I report only from hearsay), the *coup* must have been immensely successful. When I arrived, your brother was restoring peace, the young Briton holding out his hand—swearing he was sorry, begad! but how the deuce was he to have known?—and M. Raoul saving the situation, and still demanding blood with a face as long as an Alexandrine:

'Ce drapeau glorieux auquel, en sanglotant,
Se prosternent affaisés vos membres, vétérans!'

'Vary sorry, damitol, shake hands, beg your pardon.'"

The Vicomte forgot his languor, and burlesqued the scene with real talent.

Dorothea, however, was not amused.

"You say my brother is at 'The Dogs,' Monsieur? I think I will go to him."

"You must allow me, then, to escort you."

Arrived at the inn, Dorothea dismissed M. de Tocqueville with a bow, passed into the dark passage and pushed open the coffee-room door.

Within sat a young man, his elbows on the table, and his face bowed upon his arms. His fingers convulsively twisted a torn scrap of bunting; his shoulders heaved. It was M. Raoul.

Dorothea paused in the doorway and spoke his name. He did not look up.

She stepped toward him.

"M. Raoul!"

A sob shook him. She laid a hand gently on his bowed head, on the dark wave of hair above his strong, shapely neck. She was full of pity, longing to comfort . . .

"M. Raoul!"

He started, gazed up at her, and seized her hand. His eyes swam with tears, but behind the tears blazed a light which frightened her. Yet—oh, surely!—she could not mistake it.

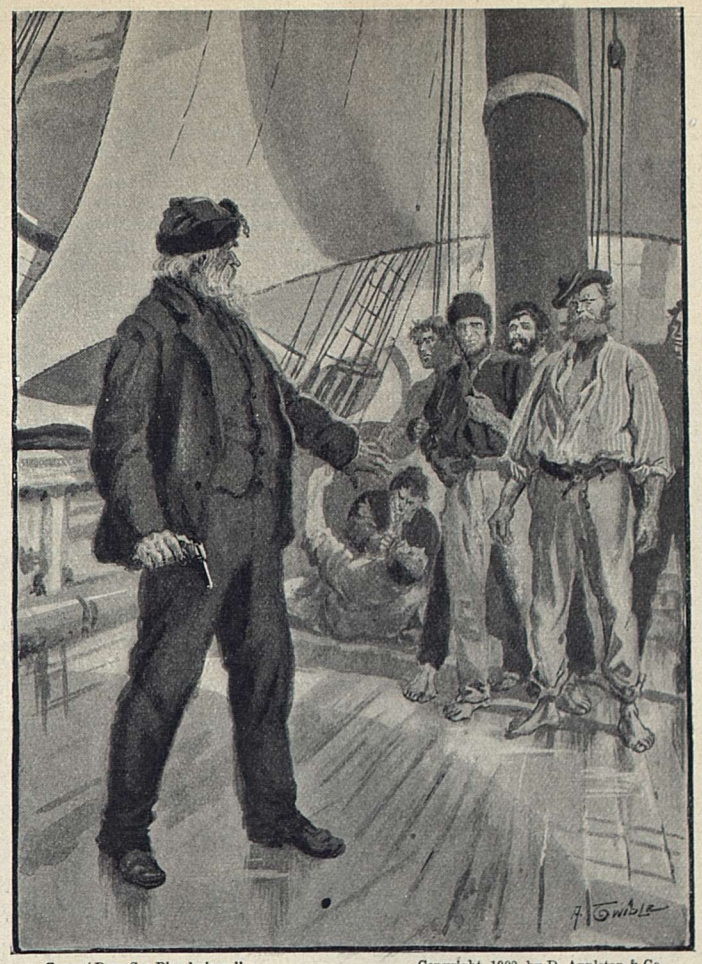
"Dorothea!"

Feedin' the Stock.

From Day's "Pine Tree Ballads." (*Small, Maynard & Co.*)

Oh, the dim old barn seems homelike, with its overhanging mows,
With its warm and battered tie-up, full of well-fed sheep and cows. . .
Then I shet the door behind me, drop the bar and drive the pin
And, with Jeff a-waggin' after, lug the foamin' milk pails in.

That's the style of things to our house—marm and me we don't pull up
Until ev'ry critter's eatin', from the cattle to the pup.
Then the biskits and the spare-rib and plum preserves taste good,
For we're feelin', me and mother, that we're actin' 'bout's we should.
Like as can be, after supper mother sews another patch
And she says the duds look trampy, 'cause she ain't got goods to match.
Fust of all, though, comes the meal-bins and the hay-mows; after those
If there's any extra dollars, wal, we'll see about new clothes.
But to-night, why, bless ye, mother, pull the rug acrost the door;
—Warmth and food and peace and comfort—let's not pester God for more.



From "Deep Sea Plunderings." Copyright, 1902, by D. Appleton & Co.

THE SKIPPER PRODUCED A REVOLVER.

A Runner in Red.

From Emerson's "Buell Hampton." (Forbes & Co.)

JUDGE LYNN turned pale. "Gentlemen," said he, "I'll win this race or die."

"Yes," said the cowboys in chorus, "that's what we've 'greed on," and they carelessly laid their drawn revolvers across the pommels of their saddles.

"Judge," continued the spokesman, "we're predictin' if ye cross that 'ere tape line behind Bill Mounce, we'll fill ye fuller o' holes than the top end of an old-fashioned tin pepper-box. Do you see?"

The judge saw. He was easily the worst scared man in the big Southwest at that very minute.

The cowboys wheeled their ponies around and galloped for position, and the judge, unattended, walked thoughtfully back to the starting-place, still retaining his distinguished robe.

Now, when time was called, the people were treated to a number not on the program —a sight that must ever remain vividly fixed in the recollection of every man who witnessed the incident. It was the judge. He stepped out from under his huge cloak, and behold "the little man in red"—he underwent, as if by magic, a strange metamorphosis. He was clad in a skin-tight suit of flaming red material, and looked a veritable Mephistopheles. The people saw the grotesqueness of his make-up, and sent up deafening yells.

The blacksmith looked upon his athletic rival and trembled. The fantastic attire of the judge was evidently driving terror into his heart.

Judge Linus Lynn had come to win, even if it took blood, or the appearance of it, to encompass his adversary's defeat.

Seaton Cornwall shouted, "Ready!" The contestants lined up. Lynn crouched so low for the start that his round head seemed to be on a line with his knees.

"Ready!" repeated Cornwall, and then a pistol-shot started the men away over the course. The report of the pistol silenced every tongue. Even the lazy cattle looked up in mild-eyed wonder at the pranks of men.

Both sides of the track were patrolled by mounted cowboys with drawn revolvers.

WILLIS GEORGE EMERSON.

Author of "Buell Hampton." Copyright, 1902, by Forbes & Co.

At the end of twenty-five yards Lynn was leading Mounce by about seven feet—at fifty yards their relative positions were unchanged. The muscles of the blacksmith's legs, below the knees, were knotted in terrible tension, and his teeth were clinched in desperation. At the end of seventy-five yards he was running nearly abreast with the figure in red. Both men were puffing like hedgehogs. Then the people shouted, each to his favorite, "Lay to," "Lay to," "Get there,"—and so they did—with a last mighty effort; but the horse-shoer "laid to" the better and won the race.

Lynn went madly on—nor looked back. Fifty shots were fired in the air. Visions of pepper-boxes floated before him. He was headed into the herd of cattle. Presently he stopped and whirled about like magic. A bull, maddened by his fiery red attire, accepted the challenge like a Spanish bovine, and rushed toward him with fire in his eyes. The judge yelled in terror, and bounded away in awful fright, running as he had never run before. The bull was not a half dozen feet behind him, lunging in mad leaps, and bellowing a hoarse murderous roar, while his sharp horns were almost scraping the earth.

The people trembled with fear. The cowboys plunged their spurs deep into their ponies' sides and galloped frantically to the rescue. They came alongside of the maddened bull and, quick as a flash, a score of bullets were buried in the bull's heart, and he fell to the earth in the throes of sudden death.

It was all over in an instant, and then Lynn, seeing the danger was past, shouted, "Say, maybe you fellers think I was throwin' that race with the bull, but I wasn't. No sirree. I was jist doing my level best and don't you forget it."

The Mutiny of the Guard.

From Savage's "For a Young Queen's Bright Eyes." (Home Pub. Co.)

"Tell your story, now!" panted the Queen Mother.

When it was related, the vivacious Sophie threw up her head in a fearless disdain.

"Send for the Swiss!" she sharply cried, "the Royal Guard!"

"Madame," bowed the old Duke, sinking to his knee, "it is the Swiss who have mutinied!"

"Then! then!" cried Marie Therese, springing to her feet, "there is but one last recourse! Go yourself!

"Wait not for further orders! Tell General Nunziante that two Queens rely on his loyal division, and his cannon, the grapeshot, to quell this mutiny. He is a courtier no longer, but thank God, he is still a soldier."

"Who dares tell the King?" muttered the loyal Duke, as he kissed the hands of the imperious pair.

"I will," said Sophie. "For, if my race is unhappy, all men say they know no fear! Go! Bid Nunziante to open his fire and blow the rebels bodily away from his front."

All that afternoon the shuddering Neapolitans heard the windows crash under the jar of the heavy blasts of the artillery. Men frantically hid themselves, and yet, they recalled in their terror, that "Bomba," while a cold oppressor, was no blood letter.

There's Many a Slip.

From Hoyt's "The Misdemeanors of Nancy." (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

In the hall Ormsby met Watkins. There were no signs of prospective festivity in the dining-room.

"Where's the dinner party?" he asked, as he jammed pearl studs into a dress shirt.

"The cook left at noon," said Watkins, with the solemn joy of one who announces a calamity.

"The deuce she did! Then the dinner's off."

"Mr. Rollins telegraphed to the guests, sir."

"Where's Rollins?"

"He's gone to get the young lady who was coming, sir. He's going to take her to dinner and to the theatre."

"Young lady! why he didn't say—who was she, Watkins?"

"I couldn't say, sir. Mr. Rollins didn't mention her name."

Ormsby was struggling with his tie. He dropped the conversation, also several expressions more forcible than Christian in regard to the man who first invented neckties.

The door-bell rang.

Watkins disappeared.

Ormsby, picking up his overcoat and looking around hopelessly for his opera hat, heard a soft feminine voice saying:

"Mr. Rollins lives here?"

"Yes, miss," came in Watkins' best company accents, "but he isn't in at present, miss."

"Not in!"

"No, miss. He's gone out to dinner and the theatre."

"But you are entertaining at dinner this evening?"

"The embarrassment had deepened. The surprise had melted to consternation.

"I beg your pardon, miss, but the cook left, unexpected like, at noon, and Mr. Rollins had to telegraph the guests not to come."

There was a gasp, distinctly audible, in Ormsby's room.

He drew aside the curtain and stepped into the hall. Watkins obliterated himself. A Vision in soft, shimmering pink gown and hood and a long cloak of lace and fur stood in the doorway. Her head was held very high. Her cheeks were uncommonly pink. The gray eyes that met Ormsby's were half indignant, half amused, wholly beautiful.

Ormsby didn't know her. He felt convinced, at once, that not knowing her had been beastly bad luck.

"I have come to dinner," said the Vision firmly, but with lurking dimple threatening to dash into the open.

"You didn't get a despatch from Dick?"

She shook her head. The chiffon hood slipped back, disclosing a distracting arrangement of golden fluffiness rippling into gold brown shadow.

"I was invited to dine here at seven," she said. "Your man tells me that the cook is gone. Did you, by any chance, save the chaperon?"

Ormsby's attention was gliding giddily over the ripples, but he tried to pull himself into coherence.

"I suppose the other people got their telegrams. Nobody's here. I don't understand. Dick has gone to —I suppose—he didn't tell—" He was stammering joyously and inwardly cursing himself for a blundering fool. This was Dick's break. There was no reason he should be embarrassed.

"I think you must be Mr. Ormsby," said the Vision. "My name is Nancy Reynolds."

A great light broke upon Ormsby's brain, and an unholy joy took possession of his soul.

So this was Rollins' little game! Verily, the gods were good.

"It's awfully unfortunate," he said feelingly. "There has been some mistake about the telegram. He will be dreadfully cut up."

He didn't mention that Rollins was, at that moment, on his way to take the young woman to dinner and to the theatre. Why go into details?

"I've sent away my cab. Really you know it is all rather provoking."

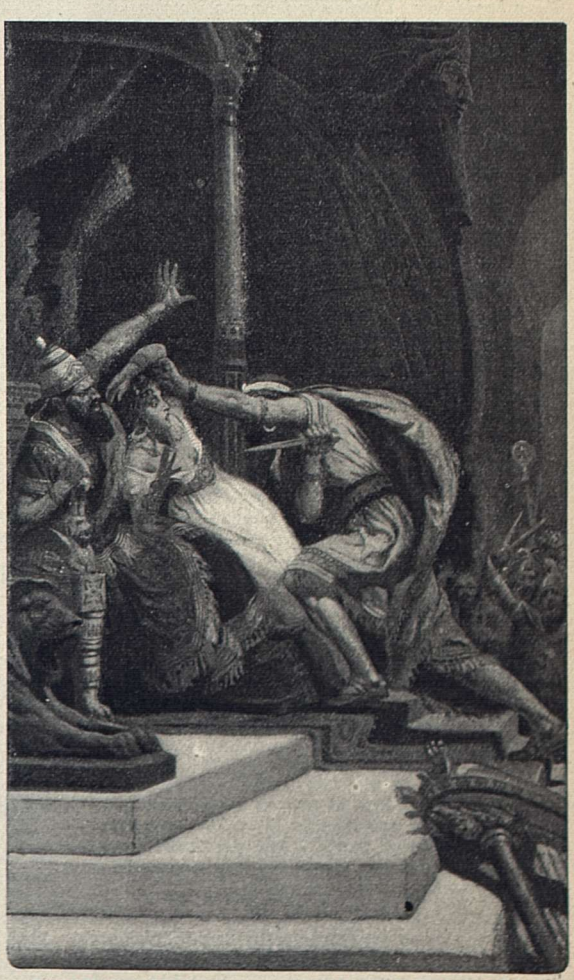
The Vision was evidently irritated. As evidently, her sense of humor was wrestling with her wrath. Moreover, if gray eyes are to be believed, she did not consider it necessary to visit her anger upon the innocent friend of the guilty Rollins.

Naphtali's Song.

From Harding's "The Gate of the Kiss." (Lothrop Pub. Co.)

THE *clou* of the evening was the song of Naphtali. At a sign from the king he rose, and two slaves brought to him a great harp of brass, the shaft of which was richly ornamented. The instrument was of his own invention. None like it had ever been seen or heard by man. Its cords were more numerous than those of any other known harp, and their sonorousness was such that the vast hall was filled with the music when, standing before the king's high seat, Naphtali swept them with his fingers.

At the first sound a hush fell upon the company. Those who had not heard the poet play were stilled with awe. The music of the sweetest kinnor was a feeble tinkle compared with the majestic harmony of the harp of brass. It rose in a melody that now was soft, now thunderous, now slow, now tumultuous in its rapidity. The theme was reiterated in various keys. The listeners were swayed now to tears, now to solemn rever-



From "The Gate of the Kiss." Copyright, 1902, by The Lothrop Pub. Co.

"ARISE, AVENGE AND SAVE."

ence, now to joyousness expressed in their smiling faces, now to excitement and enthusiasm that flashed in their eyes and impelled many to half rise from their seats with the desire to shout.

The music stopped suddenly, to burst forth again into a prelude as of a distant host on the march. Nearer and nearer, louder and louder was heard the tramping, until the harmony, with perfect transition, developed into a magnificent martial pæon, and Naphtali in a grand deep voice as sonorous as his harp, sang of Judah glorious and triumphant, a shining light among the nations, queen of the world, with peace and plenty within her borders, through the valour of her sons and their devotion to one king and one God.

Hezekiah, pale with emotion, rose from his high seat. As he did so every man sprang to his feet, and the entire two thousand, turning toward the king, united in a chorus of formidable and long-continued shouts.

The Surest Way to a Man's Heart.

From Davidson's "The Confessions of a Matchmaking Mother." (J. F. Taylor & Co.)

I USED to watch Mr. Alwyn, and see that though at first his eyes were all for the children and their pleasure, they began in time to rest with approval on Helen. At first they softened with a look that told me well enough he was thinking of the children's mother, and that she ought to have been there among her babies. But by degrees an admiration and gratitude for Helen's self began to dawn there, and I knew that the match was laid to my gunpowder train.

By and by the children began to be brought over to the cottage three times a week instead of twice.

"I'm ashamed to inflict them upon you so constantly," the poor man said, "but they beg so to come, and to tell the truth, things aren't so comfortable at The Firs, somehow, as they used to be. I can't think what has come over my housekeeper. She used to devote herself to my poor motherless children, and now she seems hardly to care about them. There are constant quarrels between her and the nurses. My head nurse, a perfect treasure, has left me on account of it; she says no one could stand the housekeeper.

"The other servants all grumble, and threaten to go, and I can see for myself that their complaints are justified. I'm at my wits' end to know what can have come over her. Perhaps if I were to offer her double her wages—"

"Oh, don't do that on any account!" I cried. "It would be absolutely fatal! She would have the whip-hand of you at once, and presume outrageously upon it. Perhaps the chicks are getting a little beyond her. Does she neglect your comfort as well? That seems hardly possible, after all your goodness to her."

"I fear she is not a grateful nor a faithful woman," he said mournfully. "Certainly she has ceased to make me as comfortable as I used to be. My dinners are constantly ill-cooked and ill-served, and my remonstrances seem useless. I have serious thoughts of driving into Thursby every evening and dining at the club. Then, if you can credit it, she has started housecleaning again, though it was done only about two or three months ago. She insists that my study and my bedroom want the ceilings done, and she is turning the whole house upside down, at the same time in a manner that is intolerable. Wherever I go I am besieged with pails and whitewash brushes.

"There's not a corner to sit down in, and she has just told me calmly that it will continue for two or three weeks, and that I had better go out for the day on Thursday, for she can't bother to provide any dinner. She almost seems to me to be going out of her mind. I trust there is no insanity in her family!"

"Oh, dear, no! It only comes from your having spoiled her," I said with a laugh. "She really does seem to be getting outrageous. She'll be giving you notice, it's evident, before long. No doubt she's tired of the place, and presumes on it."

He shook his head sadly.

"I'm tempted to say I wish she would go," he said. "She has ceased to be a comfort to me. But she has promised never to leave us unless I send her away; so that can't be her motive."

"Oh, I should send her away then. When a servant gets to this pass there is no doing anything with her."

"You think not?" doubtfully. "But I dare not part with her. How could I supply her place?"

"It could easily be done," I said airily. "After all, what is mere hired devotion to a master and his children can never be counted on to endure for ever. But come, meanwhile, what about this desperate Thursday when you are to be turned out of doors, from your own house, without your meals? Really this is too much of a good thing. You must come and dine with us. Ours is a modest establishment, you know, only women in it, but I think I can promise you comfort, for my Helen looks after all my household matters, and she is absolute perfection in that line."

He looked impressed.

"I'll come with only too much pleasure," he said.

Jess Hutton

From Munn's "Rockhaven." (Lee & Shepard.)

To children Jess Hutton was a perpetual Santa Claus, a wonder among men, a father bountiful, whose welcome never failed, whose smile was always cordial, and whose love seemed limitless. And they would obey a shake of his head even. And when the frolic had lasted long enough and he said, "Run home now," off they scampered. It is small wonder Jess Hutton was chief man of Rockhaven.

But Jess had a vein of satire as well as philosophy.

"It's human natur," he would say, "for all on us to think our own children's brighter'n our neighbor's an' our own joys and sorrers

From "Rockhaven." Copyright, 1902, by Lee & Shepard.

IN THE DEVIL'S OVEN.

o' more account, and 'specially our aches and pains, 'n' them we never get tired o' tellin' 'bout.

"There was the Widder Bunker, fer instance; she had a heap o' trouble and the only comfort she got was tellin' on't. She had rumatiz 'n' biles 'n' janders 'n' liver complaint, ever since she was left a widder, an' all she could talk'bout was what ailed her an' how long it had lasted an' what the symptoms were an' what she was doin' fer 'em. She'd run on fer hours 'bout all her ailin's till folks 'ud go off 'n' leave her. She got so daft on this subject, finally, everybody'd run fer safety and hide when they saw her comin'. She used ter talk in meetin' onct in a while, 'n' arter a spell her aches got sorter mixed up with her religion, an' as nobody else 'ud listen to her 'bout 'em, the first we knowed, she 'gan tellin' the Lord how her asmer bothered her and how her rumatiz acted. She enjied it so much, an' the Lord seemed to listen so well, she kept at it over an hour, until the parson had to ask her to quit.

"It was sorter rough on the widder, an' as I told the parson arterward, it really wa'n't any wuss fer the Lord to hev to listen to her bodily aches and pains than the spiritual ones the rest allus told him 'bout; 'sides, it gin a spice o' variety ter the meetin'.

"But he said her tellin' the Lord how she'd hump herself to get breath, and how the rumatiz had started in her big toe and skipped from one jint to 'tother, 'ud set the boys in the back seats to titterin' 'n' break up the meetin'.

"I allus felt sorry for the Widder Bunker, fer she had considerable hair on her upper lip an' a hair mole on her chin, 'sides bein' poorer'n a church mouse, an' sich unfortunate critters hez to take back seats at the Lord's table."

Just Live, and Fish, and Smoke.

From Litsey's "The Love Story of Abner Stone." (Barnes.)

Did you ever lazy along a river-bank in May, and just live, and fish, and smoke, and do nothing else? If you have not, you have missed a very great pleasure. If you fail to catch many fish, it doesn't matter much. There is a certain spell in the air which defies *ennui*, and a kind of tonic steals into your

E. CARL LITSEY.

Author of "Love Story of Abner Stone." Copyright, 1902, by A. S. Barnes & Co.

blood which makes it tingle through your veins, much as the rising sap in the young trees, I imagine. You rise in the morning and bathe your eyes open in a nearby spring, whose crystal, cool water is like the touch of a healing hand. Then comes breakfast of bacon, coffee, and good, light bread. Then your pipe comes as naturally as a deep breath of the forest-scented air, and you take your rod and minnows and wander up the bank through the weeds and the dewy grass. Under the shadow of that old, half-sunken log is where the bass stay. The water is deep and clear, and your hook sinks with a low gurgle, like an infant's laughter. What matters it whether a bite comes at once or not? You sit in a hollow formed by a curving tree-root, rest your back against the tree-trunk, and are very contented. The other side of the stream is lined with endless stretches of trees—sycamore, elm, dogwood, with their starry eyes peering in innate vanity over the bank into the mirror beneath them, and underbrush of all descriptions. Where the tide has once been, and receded, is a stretch of yellow clay, now glistening from the dews of night. After a while the sun strikes this, and the wet surface glows like gold. Then your wandering eye—for you have forgotten your cork—observes a bubble as it rises and bursts midway across the stream, and you idly watch the widening circle which radiates from it. Then in the centre of the circle the tiniest dark spot appears, which gradually assumes the shape of a black, shining head. It remains stationary for a while, then slowly moves to the opposite bank. A disc-like shell is lifted, two broad feet dig their claws into the mud, and Mr. Turtle drags himself up high and dry for a sunning.

The delightful silence is suddenly broken by the harshest of chattering, and a crested kingfisher descends like a shot from some dead limb high up in the very tree under which you are sitting, and, skimming low over the surface of the water, finally disappears without his prey. Then the pole is almost jerked from your careless hands, and, if you have luck, a fine bass is floundering at your feet in a few moments. Then another spell of sitting and dreaming, while you lay your pipe aside for a while and look up to where a squadron of fleecy argosies are drifting calmly along to some unknown bourn, bearing, mayhap, behind their filmy bulwarks the simple prayers of trusting children.

Miss Petticoats.

From Tilton's "Miss Petticoats." (*C. M. Clark.*)

"WITHIN a year you were all I had."

Agatha's eyes filled with tears, no less at the history of her mother's ruined life than at the pitiable appearance of her grandfather. To see that giant frame shaken with emotion and that fine head bowed with grief was new and strange and terrible. She would have comforted him in her childlike fashion, but she instinctively felt that his sorrow would best wear itself out.

Presently his old kindly smile came back.

"And so, 'Miss Petticoats,' you know the whole story except how you really got that name. Your mother used to fondle you, and call you 'Mon petit cœur.' I didn't know French then, and asked her what she meant.

"'My little heart,' she said, and I laughed and told her that 'Miss Petticoats' was as near as I could come to the jargon, and 'Miss Petticoats' you've been ever since."

"And I—oh, think of it—I hated the name when you spoke it a little while ago," said the girl gently; "I shall love it forever now for *her* sake."

"And when you grew old enough to hold a needle, the name seemed to fit you, for you know how you have made clothes for yourself from your mother's dear old finery. Your knack of making pretty things was not from your mother, for she could never learn to sew well."

"Is it from—him?"

"I fear so, dear, but let us trust that it is all. You *will* be a good woman, Agatha?"

"If I can," returned the girl in musing, far-away tone. She was not thinking of the future; her whole impressionable soul was filled with the romance of the dead. She rose without more words and went to her cabin, holding the precious miniature to her heart.

But the captain's thoughts were all of the days to come, as he sat alone smoking a comforting pipe. The irrevocable past was buried long ago. Agatha was his world now, and her coming life a mystery he dared not attempt to solve.

But of one thing he was certain: the girl could not grow to womanhood in this fashion. Something must be done, and the kindly old man pondered long and earnestly upon what that something should be.

Man's Sphere.

From Townsend's "Chimmie Fadden and Mr. Paul." (Century.)

"Boston," says Mr. Paul, "has a school what is teaching woman mining engineering, architecture, shoemaking, and foot-ball. De happy day is not far distance," he says, "when man will come into his rights; and, securely intrenched on de domestic fireplace, will," he says, "trun lovely woman out of de management of home and baby, into de cold, cold woild."

"Dat is nonsense," says Miss Fannie.

"Dat is, Paul," says Whiskers.

Mr. Burton, Miss Fannie's husband, wasn't dere.

"Why," says Mr. Paul, "why dis frost? Logic is not nonsense. Is de woild," he says, "to go witout homes, or de home witout housekeeping? Is de cradle to be left unrocked, stockings undarned? Is white goods no more to be made up into essential garments for de Little Miss Fannies? Is burglars to remain unsought for under beds? Perish," he says, "de taut!"

"Sure not!" says Whiskers.

"Den," says Mr. Paul,—"den de star of man's emancipation is rising," he says, "like a pan of bread. If dese tings must be done, it follows dat somebody must do 'em. Dey refuse to do demselves. If dey would, a Tessley, or a Maccaroni, would long ago found a wireless wife to do 'em. Man," he says, "having tasted de sweets of his altars and his fires, will fight before he lets 'em go out. But, sir, why fight? If lovely woman, free, white, and sweet sixteen, tackles de job of making shoes, voting, and foot-ball, man will carry on de altar and de fire at de old stand. He will refuse to again dwell in a cave, like a Indian untaxed."

"But," says Miss Fannie, "we women isn't going to desert home and baby for de field of politics or foot-ball."

"I fear," says Mr. Paul, "you is no better dan a poor weak vessel; a willing slave of shellfish man, wit a soul degraded to de trifles of housekeeping and domestic economies."

"Trifles!" Miss Fannie says. "I'd not like you to see de kind of housekeeping done by women who tinks 'em trifles."

"You alarm me!" says Mr. Paul. "I hoped dat when woman had her rights, and left de home soicle to square de woild into one community of interest, we men would fall into de soft snap of taking care of de potted plants and parrots."

"Paul has you dere," says Whiskers. "What has woman to do dat is not trifles?"

"I'd just like to see a man try to do 'em," says Miss Fannie. "None of de woik is trifling; it's hard, brainy woik, and it makes—de home!"

Boating at Oxford.

From Corbin's "An American at Oxford." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Few memories could be so unhappy, however, as to resist the beauty of the banks of the Isis. At New Haven, the first impression an oarsman gets is said to be an odor so unwelcome that it is not to be endeared even by four years of the good-fellowship and companionship of a Yale crew. At Harvard, the Charles—"Our Charles," as Longfellow spoke of it in a poem to Lowell—too often presents aspects which it would be sacrilege to dwell on. What the "royal-towered Thame" and "Camus, reverend sire," may have been in the classic days of English poetry it is perhaps safest not to inquire; suffice it that to-day they are—and especially the Thames—all that the uninitiated imagine "our Charles." Nowhere does the sun stream more cheerfully through the moist gray English clouds; nowhere is the grass more green, the ivy more

From "Chimmie Fadden and Mr. Paul." Copyright, 1902, by The Century Co.

"AND DE MAN SHE MAKES DAT HOME FOR SITS DERE ALL NIGHT GAMBLIN'."

luxuriant, and the pollard willows and slender elms and poplars more dense in foliage. And every building, from the thatched farm-cottage in Christ Church meadow to the Norman church at Iffley, is, as it were, more native and more a part of creation than the grass and trees. The English oarsman, it is true, cannot be as conscious of all this as an American visitor.

An Impromptu Supper.

From Murray's "Mlle. Fouchette." (Lippincott.)

When Mlle. Fouchette had arranged her shaded lamp, drawn up the easy-chair and settled the young man in it, she flung her hat on the bed and bustled about to get some supper. She pulled out a small round oil-stove and proceeded to light the burners. He looked at her inquiringly.

"It is Poupon," said she.

"Oh! it's Poupon, is it?"

"Yes. It's a darling, isn't she?"

"It—she—is."

"You see, when I want a cup of tea, there!"

She removed the ornamental top with a flourish. Under it was a single griddle. Mlle. Fouchette regarded the domestic machine with great complacency, her blonde head prettily cocked on one side.

"It certainly is convenient," said Jean feeling that some comment was demanded of him.

From "Mlle Fouchette." Copyright, 1902, by J. B. Lippincott Co.

MLLE. FOUCHETTE.

"When I cook I put it in the chimney."

"But you have other fire in winter?"

"Fire? Never! Wood is too dear, and then really, one goes to the cafés every night, and to the studios every day. They roast one at the studios, because of the models."

"Oh!"

"Yes, monsieur," she went on. "Now, Poupon is most generally a warm-hearted little thing, and then one can go to bed, in a pinch. And I can have tea, or coffee, or hot wine. Do you like hot wine, monsieur? With a bit of lemon it is very good. And look here," she continued rapidly, without giving him time to say anything, "it is quite snug and comfortable, is it not?"

She had thrown open a door next to the mantel and proudly exploited a cupboard containing various bits of china and glassware. The cupboard was in the wall and closed flush with the latter, the door being covered with the same paper. There were a few cooking utensils below.

"Yes, to be sure, mademoiselle, it is all very nice indeed," said he, "but—but have you got a bit to eat anywhere about the place?"

"Oh, pardon, monsieur! Oh, yes! Have we anything to eat, Poupon? Monsieur shall see."

She pinned up her skirt in a business-like manner, grabbed the little oil-stove, and placed it in the fireplace.

Jean watched her mechanically without thinking of her. He heard her without comprehending clearly what she said. And yet, somehow, he seemed to lean upon her as something tangible, something to keep his mind from sinking into its recent despondency.

"Tiens! but, mademoiselle," he cried, starting up, all at once, "you are not going to try to cook on that thing?"

"What? Hear him, then, Poupon, cherie! To be called 'that thing!' Oh!"

Mlle. Fouchette affected great indignation on the part of herself and domestic friend,—the worst that could be said of which friend was that it emitted a bad odor of a Pennsylvania product,—but it did not interfere with her act of successfully rolling a promising omelette. She had already prettily arranged the table for two, on which were temptingly displayed a litre of Bordeaux, a loaf of bread, and a dish of olives.

"But—"

"Now, don't say a word, monsieur, or I'll drop something."

"You need not have cooked anything," he protested. "A bit of bread and wine would have—"

"Poor Poupon! So monsieur thinks you are pas bon! Perhaps monsieur thinks you and I don't eat up here, eh? Non? Monsieur is in love—"

"Mademoiselle!"

"Oh, I talk to Poupon, whom you despise,—and—now, the omelette, monsieur. Let me help you."

To You and Your Happiness!

From Sears's "None But the Brave." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

I stood up and grasped my pistols, but in that moment the girl stepped forward with her head up and as proud an air as ever chicken had against mail coach.

"What do you wish?" she asked quietly.

"We want that man! He has killed one of us, and—"

"One of you, you clowns?" I cried, taking her by the shoulder and setting her aside. "He is no more of you than I am!"

"Who are ye, then?" cried the spokesman. "And what do ye here? We do not like the

look of ye, and ye shall go no further till ye settle with us and tell us who ye may be."

It was no drunken crew that spoke now, and I knew it. They had made up their minds, and I was too weak to try to cope with four men. They seemed to be natives hereabouts, and I must take my chances of their being Colonials by settlement as well as birth. There was naught else to do.

"I am an American soldier," I said, "travelling north alone, and you have no more to do with me than with the river outside the door."

"I knew it!" cried the man, and the others began to surround us. "Ye rebel bastard, ye've struck the wrong gang! Travelling alone, eh? And what is this baggage here with ye?"

"She?" said I, stumped again. "Why, she—"

"I am his sweetheart," said the girl, stepping before me again. Then she went on in an earnest way that finally became plaintive: "We have run away to be married. Will you not help us to make merry? We've but just escaped from New York. Indeed, we have! You can see our coach broken down in the road not a hundred yards from here—you can, indeed, sirs!"

Her breath was coming fast, but she went on with excited earnestness that caught the men: "Our coach boys will be here shortly with the horses. You can see the coach if you will but go down the road! He does not tell the truth! He is no rebel! 'Tis not so, good sirs! Will you not drink a bumper to the king and to our honeymoon?"

I could not say a word. I could do naught but stare open-mouthed at her, for, with the skill of intuition, she had hit the one point—would they not drink a bumper to us—*would* they? The one thing to win them over! Then I caught her arm. What was she doing? 'Twas a foolish and a futile plan.

"See, sirs, you see he tries to make me deny it! But I will not. You would not injure a good soldier of his majesty, would you? And you will drink to our health and happiness. Mr. Landlord, will you not fill us up mugs of ale to drink the toast?" And she stepped back, and took my arm with a hand that shook like a leaf, though her eyes never wavered from the men she addressed.

"By God! 'Tis a brave wench," cried one of the men. "And a health it shall be!"

"Stay," said another, a huge clout, who was no more a Britisher than I. "I do not believe it! He called our friend in there a British spy. Dost know that?"

"But I say she shall have the health," cried the other. "Jack Purdy, ye have no soul in ye! Can ye not see the girl tells the truth?"

"Aye, look at him," said a third; "he's a shamefaced bridegroom!"

"We'll do it in shape," said the first. "Here you, Gowan"—to the landlord—"tell Jim Marvin to come in here. Now, mistress, to you and your happiness!"

"To you!" chorused the crowd. And we two stood there, the shaking arm in mine, the brave eyes smiling a forced smile, but looking the men in the face, as she raised the filthy pewter to her lips and touched the ale. The devil himself could not make me drink, till I bethought me of another toast, and turning to her, drained the cup without a word.

From "None but the Brave." Copyright, 1902, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

"WE TURNED . . . INTO THE MAIN HIGHWAY OF THE HUDSON."

A New England Country Tea.

From Carson's "The Fool." (G. W. Dillingham Co.)

THEY entered through the front door and passed on to the summer dining room. In winter it is the kitchen, dining room and general living room; but during the summer the cooking is done in the adjoining porch.

A highly polished floor, that shines like the bald spot on Uncle John's head, or the glasses of his spectacles that repose benignly on his forehead over his gray shaggy eyebrows; windows that open on the orchard, the limbs of the apple trees, twisted and gnarled, almost bursting the screens, softening the light that falls in a mellow glow on the table in the center of the room, snow white as to covering and as daintily adorned as a piece of Turkish mosaic:—this was what met Dave's eyes as he entered.

There are joys and joys, but for those who have never partaken of a New England country tea, there is one joy left.

There is the cream—freshly skimmed—fruit from the garden, cold meats, biscuits as light and white as November snow flakes, tea, clear spring water, and linen that to stain were a sacrilege. But more than all, an Aunt Martha and Uncle John, who had never heard of the Boulevard, the Piccadilly Circus, or that less aristocratically named, but more unsavory, Tenderloin. And when you have finished with the cake and berries, and listened to what you will hear, you wish that you knew less of other things.

"Davie, you will have more of the chicken?" Aunt Martha's voice was persuasive, though Dave needed no urging. "Betty's been a saying that she knew you don't cook at all."

The eyes of the speaker rested on the face of her guest with motherly compassion. His face assumed a dull scarlet hue that elicited from Uncle John this very sage remark:

"He don't appear ter be goin' into a decline."

Betty came to the rescue. "Uncle John, how would you like to live on what Dave eats every day?"

Uncle John quizzically: "What *does* he eat?"

"Why, canned stuff," she replied.

Surprise arrested the spoonful of berries that Dave held in mid-air.

"How d'yer know?" Dave's amazement was complete.

Betty laughed. "How does a woman ever know? She guesses."

Shalisha.

From Dudeney's "Spindle and Plough." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

SHE was standing erect and dumbly questioning on the sodden earth; alert to know what he wanted, and ready to supply it. But all through ran the reminder that he paid for her submission.

"I was going to ask you to come with me round the place," he said. "I really haven't had time for a thorough inspection before. The snow has been so beastly, and—and—I've had correspondence" (in this way he docketed Mrs. Bloss and her daughter).

Shalisha kicked the earth off the soles of her boots, gave them a finishing sideways wipe on the grass path, and then joined him on the gravel. He looked at her in astonishment. This was a beauty which flowered best in the open air. She was a plant gloriously hardy. He had thought her picturesque in her wan way as she watched by Jane's bed. In the sparkle of the recruiting February day, he was startled by her original handsomeness. She was quite different to anything he had ever seen. The matter-of-fact way in which she kicked her soles, the nonchalance of her walk in blue serge knickerbockers, and with a tam-o'-shanter set carelessly crooked on her red hair was irresistible.

He was piqued and titillated by this independent specimen of sex which had invariably bowed its neck to him. He would never again promulgate the theory that work destroyed a woman's charm. It was always a mistake to generalize. Labor glorified this woman. It deified her—placed her far above weak femininity with its stock tricks of prettiness and incompetence. He didn't give a second thought to Lucy's pastel-like, delicate face, which had seemed to him in Rome to be the ideal type. But this gardener girl, with the uncompromisingly red hair, and equally rebellious pure blue costume, was an artistic indulgence. He must have a new hobby; gardening held the advantage of health.

She plunged into business with her queer air of seriousness and abandon. She took a keen personal interest in every little feebly showing clump in the borders. She told him gleefully that all her autumn-laid carnations were alive, and had wintered outside. They decided gravely in which particular place early peas should be sown, and here should be the mound for marrows, and there the celery trenches.

It was all very premature, but Shalisha's idolatry of her vegetable world looked far ahead, and Boaz Boylett was sufficiently amused and gratified by the sound of her deep voice and the sight of her rising colour and demurely sparkling eyes.

In at the Death.

From Rives's "Hearts Courageous." (Bowen-Merrill Co.)

FOR a few moments Anne was drunk with the motion—the rush through tingling, dew-wet air.

The mood passed and she drew the first deep breath of calculation. The fox had doubled. The hounds ran no more with scent breast-high. They were come to a fault and cold hunting, laid nose to find the tainted herbage and writhed in ridge and hollow, while Sweetlips whimpered for the lost trail and ran panting, with lolling tongue, dazed out of weariness by the check.

It was "Yoicks! Yoicks!" or "Push him up!" as all the hunt, each yelling to his favorite hound, came up fretful to the babble of yelps.

Then, in an instant, a hound to the left gave cry again. Anne reined sharply, and there, far away, skirting a tangle of brush, melting into ground, a brown streak, scudding.

From "The Kindred of the Wild." Copyright, 1902, by L. C. Page & Co.

"HE DUG HIS CLAWS DEEPER INTO THE BARK, AND BARED HIS FANGS THIRSTILY."

She saw Colonel Washington, his keen, pitted face alive, raise his hand and give the view-halloo—the same shout he was to give in a later dawn, when, scenting Cornwallis's stores at Brunswick, he stood up in his stirrups to see the sharp work on the Princetown road. Mayhap a memory of this hunting day came flushing to him then, for he cried, smiling to his officers, "An old-fashioned Virginia fox hunt, gentlemen!"

On this run, wind told. The wary fox doubled again and the swishing brush was all about her, but to the right Anne could see a flicker of yellow, and knew that Henry led near-by.

As they broke into the open again, his brown was plunging scarce ten feet away. The foremost hounds were wriggling over a slippery tree-trunk, fallen across Queen's Creek—a narrow, yellow stream running overfull—and they two, on the instant, rode for the clay bank. It was a fair leap, but with scant five feet width of approach. Patrick Henry had just time to pull his horse down on his haunches before the brink to give her room, and she took it, Mohammed rising like a bird, from the spur.

Then, too late for the leap, he turned to the left, gave the rowel and flew along parallel with the stream. He heard an oath behind him as a worried hunter refused the jump, and then the sopping splash as horse and man and shelving bank-edge went plunging down into the saffron whirl. At a shaly dip a hundred yards above he dashed through, and, wet to his shoulders, rode up a slope across which Anne's scarlet habit flaunted alone after the dwindled pack. He put his horse to all its worth and spurted in a-stretch with her.

Just ahead of the foremost hounds the sweated, hunted thing ran like a crafty shadow. A final agonized speeding, a dart aside, a desperate double—then the hot breath overran it, the eager jaws closed over it.

Henry flung off his horse, snatched away the still quivering body and held it up from the yelling pack, while Anne, breathless, dishevelled, blew a blast on her silver horn.

They two alone were in at the death. The quarry had "lived" a full hour before the hounds, and the run had been eight miles.

The Moose's Summons.

From Roberts's "The Kindred of the Wild." (L. C. Page & Co.)

DASHING forward into the deep water, the moose swam at great speed straight across the cove, leaving a wide wake behind him. The summons came again, but he could not reply while he was swimming. As soon as he reached land he answered, and then started in mad haste down the shore, taking advantage of the open beach where there was any, but for the most part hidden in the trees, where his progress was loudly marked by the crashing and trampling of his impatience.

All the furtive kindred, great as well as small, bold as well as timorous, gave him wide berth. A huge black bear, pleasantly engaged in ripping open an ant stump right in his path, stepped aside into the gloom with

a supercilious deferring. Farther down the lake a panther lay out along a maple limb, and watched the ecstatic moose rush by beneath. He dug his claws deeper into the bark, and bared his fangs thirstily; but he had no wish to attempt the perilous enterprise of stopping the moose on his love errand. From time to time, from that same enchanted spot down the lake, came the summons, growing reassuringly nearer; and from time to time the journeying bull would pause in his stride to give answer. Little flecks of foam blew from his nostrils, and his flanks were heaving, but his heart was joyous, and his eyes bright with anticipation.

Never Try to Show Off.

From Pierson's "Among the Night People." (Dutton.)

When the night came for the young Raccoons to climb down from their tree and learn to hunt, all the early spring blossoms were gone, and only the ripening seed-vessels showed where nodding flowers had been. You would have expected the Raccoon children to be disappointed, yet there were so many other things to see and learn about that it was not until three nights later that they thought much of the flowers. They might not have done so then if Little Sister had not lost her hold upon the oak-tree bark and fallen with her forepaws on a scarlet jack-in-the-pulpit berry.

They had learned to climb quickly and strongly up all sorts of trees. Perhaps Mrs. Raccoon had chosen an oak for her nest because that was rough and easily climbed. There were many good places for Raccoons to grip with their twenty strong claws apiece. After they had learned oaks they took maples, ironwoods, and beeches—each a harder lesson than the one before.

"When you climb a tree," said their mother, "always look over the trunk and the largest branches for hiding-places, whether you want to use one then or not."

"Why?" asked three of the four children. Big Brother, who was rather vain, was looking at the five beautiful black rings and the beautiful black tip of his wonderful bushy tail. Between the black rings were whitish ones, and he thought such things much more interesting than holes in trees.

"Because," said the Mother Raccoon, "you may be far from home some night and want a safe place to sleep in all day. Or if a man and his Dogs are chasing you, you must climb into the first hiding-place you can. We Raccoons are too fat and slow to run away from them, and the rings on our tails and the black patches on our broad faces might show from the ground. If the hole is a small one, make it cover your head and your tail anyway, and as much of your brown body fur as you can."

Mother Raccoon looked sternly at Big Brother because he had not been listening, and he gave a slight jump and asked, "W-what did you say?"

"What did I say?" she replied. "You should have paid better attention."

"Yes'm," said Big Brother, who was now very meek.

"I shall not repeat it," said his mother, "but I will tell you not to grow vain of your fur. It is very handsome, and so is that of your sisters and your brother. So is mine, and so was your father's the last time I saw him. Yet nearly all the trouble that Raccoons have is on account of their fur. Never try to show it off."

The Fiddling Tramp.

From Godfrey's "The Winding Road." (Holt.)

As Phenice had walked and mused a sound of music came to her ear—a sound that seemed at first hardly real and put her in mind of Shepherd Chalke's foolish tales of the Pixies of olden time, who, according to him, had made their last haunt in Green Lane. She had laughed softly to herself, wondering what he would make of this, for he solemnly averred that his grandfather's cousin, "a very sensible body," had seen them there one night when she made a short cut to her cottage, now in ruins, on her way home from market. "They was all capering about in crowds at the roadside," she said, "and laughed at her as she passed." That, by Shepherd Chalke's reckoning, was "pretty nigh a hundred year agone," and it was hardly likely any had lingered into this prosaic century; yet the strange figure who had sat so composedly on a tree-stump, fiddling, might well have been left behind when the rest stampeded before the steam-plough and the board-school.

Most women would have felt timid at encountering a fiddling tramp in so lonesome a spot at dusk, but, though Phenice's breath had come a little short with an odd sense that there might be something uncanny about the intruder, to dread harm from him somehow never occurred to her. Curiosity, too, was strong, so she had kept on her way. He stopped playing as she approached.

"Ah," he had said; "the world is not absolutely uninhabited, then? I began to think it was."

He was certainly too polite for a ghost, for he raised his hat as he spoke. The voice was like the voice of a gentleman, but his elbow was through his coat-sleeve, and the gap between his brown leggings and highlows revealed an absence of stocking that was to her mind conclusive.

"You have lost your way?" said Phenice in her soft, slow voice.

"Well, not exactly; because I had no way to lose; but it is true I don't know where I am."

"You have missed the road to Dronechester," she said. "You should have kept on to the left. I suppose you thought you would make a short cut across the downs, but this way will take you all down to the valley past the Fulling Mill. You'll be going to the October Lamb Fair?"

"Not I! I don't like Dronechester." He shrugged his shoulders and made a wry face. "I am coming up from the sea, and as to where I am going—well, a more important point to my mind is where I am going to sleep to-night, for its gets dampish for sleeping out, especially when one is fresh from hot countries."

"Hot countries?" she said with eager interest. "You're a traveller, then?"

"Something of the sort. And what do you know about hot countries, pray, that you look at me as if you were homesick for them?"

"Nothing," she answered; "and that is just it. It is not homesick I am, but wandersick. Sometimes I look at these walls of hills all round, and I wonder shall I ever see what lies the other side."

"Strange!" he said. "So you have got it, too. Well, I should never have thought it, to look at you. And women as a rule take root—like cabbages. Well, perhaps then you may feel for a wayfarer and show him where he may get shelter."

The end of it was Phenice had taken him to the farm for a bite and a sup before directing him to the New Inn on the Dronechester Road, and old Everard, falling under the spell of his weird stories and his weirder tunes, gave him sleeping quarters for the night in the outhouse.

And since then he had come again and yet again. Was it all over now?

The Soldier's Best Shield.

From Crowley's "The Heroine of the Strait." (Little, Brown & Co.)

It was the child who first discovered that there was some one in the apartment besides themselves, and, pointing to the doorway, cried out that the shadows moved. Thereat, drawing a knife from her belt, the girl placed herself before the mother and the little one.

At the same instant Sterling stepped forward under the lamp.

"Angélique!" he exclaimed. "Merciful Heaven, how is it that coming here with a message to the English captain, instead of meeting Mr. Grant, I find you encompassed by dangers?"

Mademoiselle Cuillerier recoiled, dropped the dagger back into its sheath, and put a hand before her eyes.

"Monsieur Sterling," she stammered. Undaunted by the possible foe in the darkness, as was St. Margaret before the dragon, now at the reaction she faltered, but quickly recovered herself as he stretched out his arms to save her from falling.

"Early in the evening Madame Méloche sent word to me that her child was ill. I came to stay the night with her, and help in the care of the little creature," she said. "We had no warning that the Indians and the English would arouse the demon of the strait as they have done. The child has been frighted out of her ailment, I half believe, while the mother and I know not whether we shall live to see the rising of the sun. When the firing began we took refuge in the mill, but the cannonading of the gunboats threatened to make short work of its destruction, and we returned in haste as soon as the house appeared to be deserted."

"And Pontiac drove Madame Méloche and her guests defenseless out into the night?" cried Sterling, gritting his teeth.

"It all came about like a whirlwind," interposed the young dame. "An old chief was sitting in the hearthroom, smoking with my husband, when the troops came up. At the sound of the firing, he discharged his musket from the window. They thought Baptiste had attacked them, and they called to him with rage, but it was the Indian."

"When the soldiers fell back the savages broke into the enclosure through the postern, and swarmed into the house. Had we been here then, no doubt we would have been scalped," continued Angélique. "Juste ciel, can women remain sane in the midst of such peril to themselves, and to the men dear to them?"

Even at this moment, with the sounds of the conflict outside ringing in his ears, the reports of musketry, the shouts of the soldiers, the moans of the dying, Sterling's face brightened at the glance she unconsciously gave him as she spoke.

With a thrill of joy at his heart, he bent his lips to her hand.

"You are safe here now since the savages will either follow our people or retire to the woods at daylight, as is their custom," he assured her. "And as for the men who fight—eh bien, mademoiselle, a soldier's best shield is the prayer of the woman he loves."

From "The Heroine of the Strait." Copyright, 1902, by Little, Brown & Co

THE GIRL PLACED HERSELF BEFORE THE MOTHER!

The Wild Man of Borneo.

From Cummins's "Welsh Rarebit Tales." (Mutual Book Co.)

Bobo, the wild man of Borneo, sat in his iron-barred cage reading the morning paper, while he pulled vigorously at a short, black clay pipe.

It was nearly time for the show to begin, so he could only glance hurriedly at the stock report; for Bobo was interested in copper.

On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays there was on exhibition in the side-show connected with Poole Brothers' Royal Roman Hippodrome and Three-Ring Circus what was widely advertised as the only real wild man in captivity.

On alternate days—that is, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays—the cage of Bobo was closed by a gaudily painted cover; and visitors on those days were told that the wild man was sick.

From "Welsh Rarebit Tales." Copyright, 1902 by The Mutual Book Co.

"THE NEXT DAY I WAS SURPRISED BY A VISIT FROM THE YOUNG MAN."

Notwithstanding this report, there could be found on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays out in one of the New York suburbs, a middle-aged Irishman named Patsy McLockin. The connection may not at first be evident.

Patsy wasn't nice looking, even when he was dressed in his best black suit; for, as the people on Blenden Street remarked, he was too hairy.

He used to wear gloves when on the street, even in the hottest weather; but he couldn't very well wear gloves on his face, though if he could it would have saved the small children of the neighborhood cases of fright both serious and lasting.

Poole Brothers' Royal Roman Hippodrome and Three-Ring Circus was playing a winter engagement in New York City, and had been very successful.

The show was to start in about two weeks for a trip through New England; and since Mrs. Patsy McLockin had consented to remain in the city till the circus came back in the fall, Bobo agreed to exhibit himself every day while on the trip.

On this morning Bobo was trying to decide whether to sell out his twenty-three shares of Isle Royal while that stock was at eighty-one, or to hang on to it for a while, hoping for a rise.

He fully intended to sell out some time during the next two weeks, for he did not want to be bothered with the stock while on the Eastern trip.

"Get together there, you freaks," called Stetson; "the whistle has just blown, and the yaps will begin coming in soon."

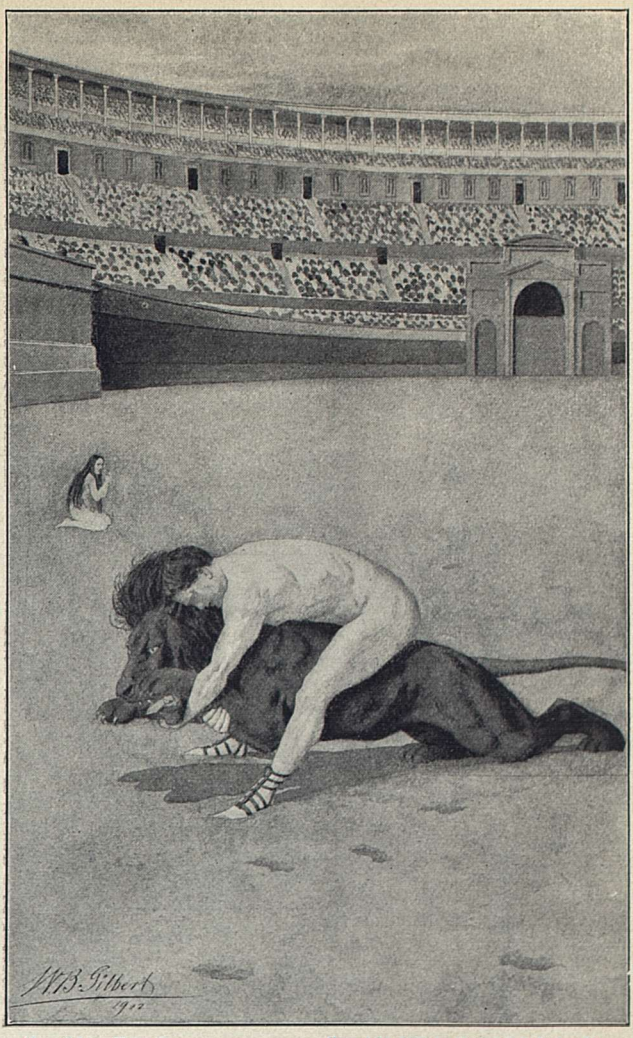
Bobo tucked his paper into a little wooden box in the back of the cage, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and curled up on the straw, pretending to go to sleep.

The Parthian's Blow.

From Kenyon's "Amor Victor." (Stokes.)

But the unexpected happened. Uttering a mighty shout, Arsaces succeeded in attracting the attention of the lion when he had covered half the distance to the trembling girl. The Parthian's usually cool judgment was slightly disturbed by the suddenness of the shock he had received at the thought that his Hestia was thus exposed before that howling throng to such deadly peril, and as he shouted he raised his arm, while still running, for the throw. Just as the spear left his hand the lion suddenly turned and darted toward the man, and by this saved its life, for the weapon whistled close to its head and struck the sand far beyond. A yell went up from the mob as they realized that the man was without arms and exposed to all the fury of the lion. Anticipating a bloody finish to the short tragedy, the crowd fairly smacked its lips with pleasure and looked with all its eyes.

But while it was true that never had a finer lion been seen in the arena, never had such a man trod its sands. In the single second allowed him in which to think, his plan of action was formed. Slightly checking his speed, he continued toward his foe until the latter rose in a tremendous bound to fall upon him.



From "Amor Victor." Copyright, 1902, by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

ARSACES AND THE NUMIDIAN LION.

Then, with marvellous quickness, the Parthian dropped on one knee, and as he lowered his head upon it the lion passed clear above him and fell to the ground with an angry snarl.

Arsaces had dodged two springs of the mighty beast, but could he continue this indefinitely? The lion learned caution by missing, and approached more slowly, watching for a chance to spring. This made it less possible for the Parthian to repeat his tactics, as the beast was less likely to leap so high in the air. He therefore moved backward step by step, seeking to invite another sudden rush. But the lion followed, creeping upon his belly, with red eyes glaring fiercely and emitting growls like heavy thunder. Arsaces saw that he must be ready with some other resource, and Hestia and her companions noted his swelling muscles as he drew nearer to them, and prayed fervently that God would deliver him. Suddenly the Parthian turned and backed quickly toward the podium. The lion, surprised at the movement, and fearing the prey would escape, made another quick rush and sprang as before. This time Arsaces leaped to the left, avoiding the spread paws of the monster by a hair's breadth only; but, as he leaped, he slightly turned toward his antagonist, and, swinging his enormous right hand in a powerful upper-cut, struck the flying animal squarely in the pit of the stomach as he passed in his spring. It was a terrible blow, and it went straight to that weak point which causes all the breath to be expelled by the contraction of the diaphragm, and the great Numidian dropped upon the same with an explosive gasp, and lay there half doubled up, his head thrown back, struggling for air.

A Rustic Romance.

From Mrs. Wiggins' "The Diary of a Goose Girl." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

PHOEBE, aged seventeen, is the daughter of the house. She is virtuous, industrious, conscientious, and singularly destitute of physical charm. She is more than plain; she looks as if she had been planned without any definite purpose in view, made of the wrong materials, been badly put together, and never properly finished off; but "plain" after all is a relative word. Many a plain girl has been married for her beauty; and now and then a beauty, falling under a cold eye, has been thought plain.

Phœbe has her compensations, for she is beloved by, and reciprocates the passion of, the Woodmancote carrier, Woodmucket being the English manner of pronouncing the place of his abode. If he "carries" as energetically for the great public as he fetches for Phœbe, then he must be a rising and a prosperous man. He brings her daily, wild strawberries, cherries, birds' nests, peacock feathers, seashells, green hazel-nuts, samples of hens' food, or bouquets of wilted field flowers tied together tightly and held with a large, moist loving hand. He has fine curly hair of sandy hue, which forms an aureole on his brow, and a reddish beard, which makes another inverted aureole to match, round his chin. One cannot look at him, especially when the sun shines through him, without thinking how lovely he would be if stuffed and set on wheels, with a little string to drag him about.

Phœbe confided to me that she was on the eve of loving the postman when the carrier came across her horizon.

"It doesn't do to be too hysty, does it, miss? she asked me as we were weeding the onion bed. "I was to give the postman his answer on the Monday night, and it was on the Monday morning that Mr. Gladwish made his first trip here as carrier. I may say I never wyvered from that moment, and no more did he. When I think how near I came to promising the postman it gives me a turn."

A True Shield-Maiden.

From Liljencrantz's "The Thrall of Leif the Lucky." (McClurg.)

ONE day, as Alwin sat looking out, his chin resting in his hand, his elbow on his knee, his attention was caught by two riders winding swiftly down a hill-path on the right. At first one was only a blur of gray and the other a flame of scarlet; they disappeared behind a grove of aspens, then reappeared nearer, and he could make out a white beard on the gray figure and a veil of golden hair above the scarlet kirtle. What hair for a boy, even the noblest born! It was the custom of all free men to wear their locks uncut; but this golden mantle! Yet could it be a girl? Did a girl ever wear a helmet like a silver bowl, and a kirtle that stopped at the knee? If it was a girl, she must be one of those shield-maidens of whom the minstrels sang. Alwin watched the pair curiously as they galloped down the last slope and turned into the lane beside the river. They must pass the booth, and then . . . .

His brain whirled, and he stood up in his intense interest. Something had startled the white steed that bore the scarlet kirtle; he swerved aside and rose on his haunches with a suddenness that nearly unseated his rider; then he took the bronze bit between his teeth and leaped forward. Whitebeard and his bay mare were left behind. The yellow hair streamed out like a banner; nearer, and Alwin could see that it was indeed a girl. She wound her hands in the reins and kept her seat like a centaur. But suddenly something gave way. Over she went, sidewise; and by the wrist, tangled in the reins, the horse dragged her over the stony road.

Forgetting his manacled limbs, Alwin started forward; but it was all over in an instant. One of the trader's servants flew at the animal's head and stopped him, almost at the door of the booth. In another moment a crowd gathered around the fallen girl and shut her from his view. Alwin gazed at the shifting backs with a dreadful vision of golden hair torn and splashed with blood. She must be dead, for she had not once screamed. His head was still ringing with the shrieks of his mother's waiting-women, as the Danes bore them out of the burning castle.

Bruised and muddy, but neither dead nor fainting, the girl stood examining her wrist with the utmost calmness. Though her face was white and drawn with pain, she looked up at the old man with a little twisted smile.

"It is nothing, Tyrker," she said quickly; "only the girth broke, and it appears that my wrist is out of joint. We will go in here, and you shall set it."

Tyrker blinked at her for a moment with an expression of mingled affection and wonder; then he drew a deep breath. "Donnerwetter, but you are a true shield-maiden!" he said in a wavering treble.

The trader received them with true Norse hospitality; and Alwin watched in speechless amazement while the old man ripped up the scarlet sleeve and wrenched the dislocated bones into position, without a murmur from the patient. Despite her strange dress and general dishevelment, he could see now that she was a beautiful girl, a year or two younger than himself. Her face was as delicately pink-and-pearly as a sea-shell, and corn-flowers among the wheat were no bluer than the eyes that looked out from under her rippling golden tresses.

A Miss is as Good as a Mile.

From Pattee's "Mary Garvin." (Crowell.)

"MAY—. Sh—s—s—sh! Steady, Nell, steady!"

"Did you speak, Luke?"

"Yes May," his voice sounded strange and distant. "I was going to,—I was going to say —Who—a—ap! steady Nell,—whoa—a—p—steady, there. It's all right now."

"My! There must be a hidden brook there. What a hole!" At the plunge she had seized all involuntarily his big brawny arm. She

released it now danger was over. It was a small incident, but it fed the flame in his heart.

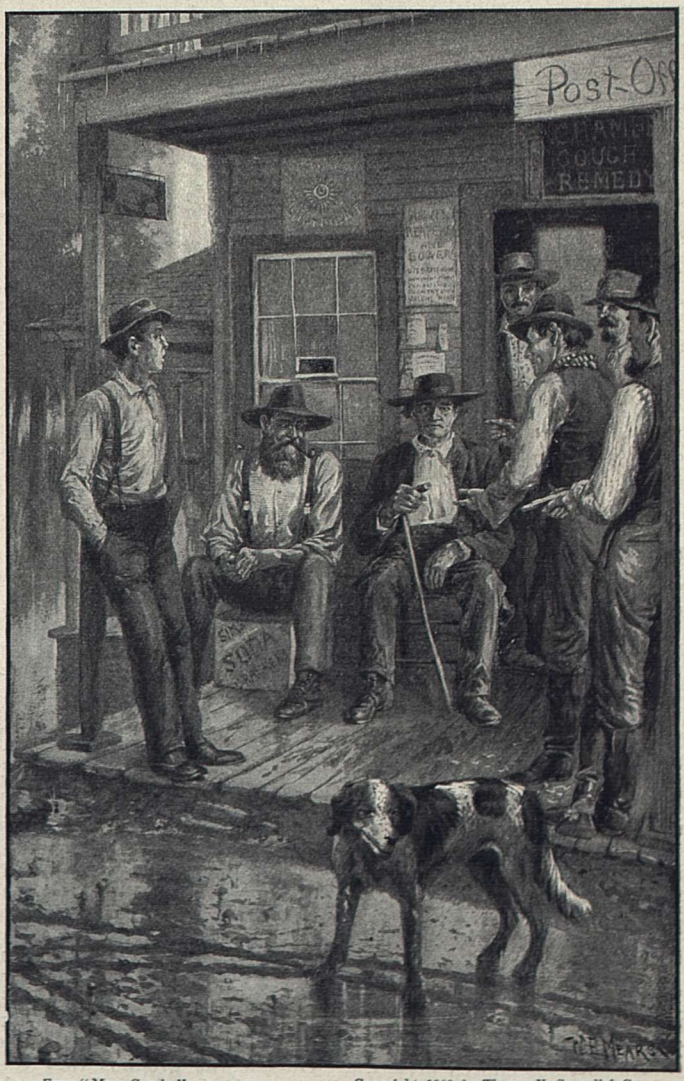
"You know, May," he began boldly, "Squire Southwick says if I pass the examination all right 'n' get admitted he'll take me into the firm. There won't be much salary at first but it's a sure thing. They're a big firm and very few young lawyers have such a chance at first and,"—his voice growing more unnatural, "you know I've been thinking,—you know I've been waiting to—whoa—a—a—ap—been waiting for a long time—I've been wanting to say—Whoa! whoa—a—p. Whoa—a—a—ap. Steady Nell, whoa there! Whoa!" The sleigh had plunged wildly into a deep gully in the road, had swerved sharply to the right, balanced for a moment on one runner, then struck with force on the opposite bank, then righted itself.

"Close shave, May. But a miss 's good as a mile. Hurt you any?"

"Hurt me? Not a bit of it. A little thing like that's only fun." She gave a little rippling laugh that went through his veins like wine.

"O May," his voice sounded in his ears as if it were a mile away, "I've wanted to tell you all this evening I wanted to tell you for weeks,—I've wanted to say—Whoa! Whoa—a—a—p! Didn't that hurt you, May,—really? My, what a jump! Whoa—a—a—p! Whoa—a—a—p! Steady Nell, steady!"

"Yes, May, for weeks. Perhaps you don't know why I took this little vacation. I came up all the way from Concord just to say—Whoa—a—p! Steady Nell!—I couldn't write it. I wanted to tell you with my own lips that—that's the worst hole yet. Whoa! Whoa—p! Great Scott what a wrench! Whoa there! Didn't it hurt you, May? Sure? Whoa—a—p! Steady Nell! There! If we can get through that we can get through anything.



From "Mary Garvin." Copyright, 1902, by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

"TO-DAY THE LOAFERS WERE OUTSIDE."

From "What Gladys Saw." Copyright, W. A. Wilde Company.

"THAT'S JENNIE WREN."

Steady Nell, whoa—a—a—ap!" She laughed in suppressed glee. The ludicrousness of the situation appealed to her strongly. The laugh nettled him and gave him courage. He gathered the reins in one hand with an impulse to throw the other about her in passionate avowal of his love. He leaned suddenly over:

"O May, I love—My God! Whoa! Nell! WHOA! Nell, there! Steady, Nell, steady!" The wiry little mare, feeling the slackened reins and mistaking the movement of the free arm for an imminent appeal to the whip, gave a mighty dart forward plunging the sleigh with a crash into a deep hole in the road. Both May and Luke were thrown violently upon their knees. The horse fell forward in a heap but nimbly recovering her feet leaped out of the hole with a single bound giving a quick upward jerk to the sleigh that snapped both its occupants back into their seats. Luke with a supreme effort brought the horse to a full stop and after rearranging the lap robes and making sure no damage had been done, drove on again using extraordinary caution. Not a word was spoken for some minutes.

Setting the Fashion.

From Fox's "What Gladys Saw." (*Wilde.*)

"Now don't be discouraged, Gladys; I'll get this sash tied after a while. No, I don't need any help in getting ready for church myself. I'm satisfied with my appearance."

"Oh, papa, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but you don't look a bit nice; your necktie sticks up so funny, and oh dear, I can't tell what ails you. Mamma'd know, in a minute; you need mamma, and so do I. How can I go to church without having my hair curled?"

"There, there, Gladys, don't cry about such a little thing. Your hair curls itself, and it looks much more tasty combed out as it is than it would divided up and twisted into golden sausages all around your head. I'd make the sausages if I could, though."

The child laughed through her tears.

"You are just as good as any father could be," she admitted, "but we need mamma in this house, don't we?"

"Do you want to go back to mamma, Gladys?" asked the man.

"No, but I want her to come home to us; don't you?"

The silken sash fell in shimmering folds about the child's feet.

"Why, what's the matter, papa?"

"The sash is too long, Gladys, too long. I can't wad it up enough, no matter how hard I try. Let's cut it and use half; then I can tie it in a hard knot and the ends will still be long enough to reach the bottom of your dress. It will look so neat and tidy."

"They don't wear sashes that way, papa; they wear sashes tied in big bows. Oh, I forgot. Fix it the way you want to, I don't care—only it's a dreadful thing to cut a sash, papa; I don't know what mamma'd say. She won't mind, though, after all, because she told me to always do as you think best."

Gladys watched the cutting of the sash with a serious face.

"Now, hold still, Gladys, and we'll have this blue decoration disposed of in a moment. There, now, it looks smooth and flat—looks more like it. Ought to suit anybody."

Later Gladys could not understand why so many little country girls afterward wore sashes tied in hard knots, nor why their mothers combed out all their pretty curls.

An Afternoon Stroll.

From Wilson's "The Spenders." (*Lothrop Pub. Co.*)

SHE was dressed in tan corduroy. Elation was in her face. Her waist, as she stepped, showed supple as a willow. Her suede-gloved little hands were compact and tempting to his grasp. His senses breathed the air of her perfect and compelling feminity. But sharper than all these impressions rang the words of the worldly-wise Higbee: "She's hunting night and day for a rich husband. She tries for them as fast as they come. She'd rather marry a subtreasury—she'd marry me in a minute—she'd marry you; but if you were broke she'd have about as much use for you." . . .

Her glances were frank, friendly, and encouraging. Her deep blue eyes were clear as a trout-brook. He thought he saw in them once almost a tenderness for him.

She thought, "He does love me!"

Outside the grounds they turned down a bridle-path that led off through the woods, off through the golden sun-wine of an Octo-

ber day. The air bore a clean autumn spice, and a faint salty scent blended with it from the distant sound. The autumn silence, which is the only perfect silence in all the world, was restful, yet full of significance,

From "Among the Night People." Copyright, E. P. Dutton & Co.

HE KNOCKED HIS BROTHER DOWN.

suggestion, provocation. From the spongy lowland back of them came the pleading sweetness of a meadow-lark's cry. Nearer they could even hear an occasional leaf flutter and waver down. The quick thud of a falling nut was almost loud enough to earn its echo. Now and then they saw a lightning flash of vivid turquoise and heard a jay's harsh scream.

In this stillness their voices instinctively lowered, while their eyes did homage to the wondrous play of colour about them. Over a yielding brown carpet they went among maple and chestnut and oak, with their bewildering changes through crimson, russet, and amber to pale yellow. Under the deep-stained leaves of the sweet-gum they went, and past the dogwood with scarlet berries gemming the clusters of its dim red leaves.

But through all this waiting, inciting silence Miss Milbrey listened in vain for the words she had felt so certain would come.

Sometimes her companion was voluble, again he was taciturn, and through it all he was doggedly aloof.

Miss Milbrey had put herself bravely in the path of destiny. Destiny had turned aside. She had turned to meet it, and now it frankly fled.

Not as Direful as it Seemed.

From Garland's "The Captain of the Gray-Horse Troop." (Harper.)

EVERY woman stiffened with terror, with wide eyes questioning Curtis. "What is all that?"

"The opening chorus," he explained, much amused. "A song of the chase."

The dusk was beginning to fall, and the tepees, with their small, sparkling fires close beside, and the shadowy, blanketed forms assembling slowly, silently, gave a wonderful remoteness and wildness to the scene. To Curtis it was quite like the old-time village. The husky voice of the aged crier seemed like a call from out of the years primeval before the white race with its devastating energy and its killing problems had arrived in the east. The artist in Elsie, now fully awake, dominated the daughter of wealth. "Oh, this is beautiful! I never expected to see anything so primitive."

Knowing that his guests were eager to view it all, Curtis led the way towards the dance-lodge. Elsie was moved to take her place beside him, but checked herself and turned to Lawson, leaving Mrs. Parker to walk at the Captain's elbow.

To the ears of the city dwellers the uproar was appalling—full of murder and sudden death. As they approached the lodge the frenzied booming of the drum, the wild, yelping howls, the shrill whooping, brought up in their minds all the stories of dreadful deeds they had ever read, and Parker said to Jennie:

"Do you really think the Captain will be able to control them?"

Jennie laughed. "I'm used to this clamor; it's only their way of singing."

Elsie said: "They must be flourishing bloody scalping-knives in there; it is direful."

"Wait and see," said Lawson.

The dance-house was a large octagonal hut, built of pine logs, partly roofed with grass and soil. It was lighted by a leaping fire in the center, and by four lanterns on the walls, and as Curtis and his party entered, the clamor (in their honor) redoubled. In a first swift glance Elsie apprehended only a confused, jingling, fluttering mass of color—a chaos of leaping half-naked forms and a small circle of singers fiercely assaulting a drum which sat on the floor at the right of the door.

Then Red Wolf, calm, stately, courtly, came before them carrying his wand of office, and conducted them to seats at the left of the fire, and the girl's heart ceased to pound so fiercely. Looking back, she saw Jennie shaking hands with one of the fiercest of the painted and beplumed dancers, and recognized him as Blue Fox. Turning, she fixed her eyes on a middle-aged man who was dancing as sedately as Washington might have led the minuet, his handsome face calm of line and the clip of his lips genial and placid. Plainly the ferocity did not extend to the dancers; the singers alone seemed to express hate and lust and war.

The music suddenly ceased, and in an instant the girl's mind cleared. She perceived that the singers were laughing as they rolled their cigarettes, and that the savage warrior dancers were gossiping together as they rested, while all about her sat plump young girls in gay dresses, very conscious of the eyes of the young men. In her early life Elsie had attended a country dance, and her changed impression of this mad, blood-thirsty revel was indicated in her tone as she said:

"Why, it's just an old-fashioned country hoe-down."

Curtis laughed. "I congratulate you on your penetration," he mockingly said.

A Hidden Meaning.

From Cable's "Bylow Hill." (Scribner.)

THE five young friends were advancing in a compact cluster, with measured pace. Ruth and Isabel, in front abreast, and making happy show of the hawthorn sprays, were just enough apart to conceal, except for their superior height, the three lovers, and in lowered tones, but with kindling eyes, the five, incited by Ruth, were singing the song they had caught up from the valley,—the old man's favorite from the days of his own song-time. The General got himself hurriedly to his feet; the shade passed from his brow. The group came close; he stepped out, and Isabel, meeting him, laid her two hands in his, while the halting cluster ceased their song suspensively on a line that pledged loves and friendships too ethereal to clash.

"Isabel,"—he turned up a broadened palm,—"here's my amen to that line; where's yours?"

With blushing alacrity she laid her hand on his.

"Arthur!" he called, and the lively lover added his to the two. "Now, Ruth!"

"Father!" laughed the daughter, "isn't this rather youngish?" But she laid her hand promptly upon Arthur's, and the lines of the General's face deepened playfully, and Mrs. Morris's dimple did the same, as Godfrey thrust his hand in upon Ruth's, unasked. The matron laughed very tenderly on the key of O while she added her hand, and received Leonard's heavy palm above it. Then Arthur clapped a second hand upon Leonard's, and Leonard was about to lay a second quietly upon Arthur's, when Isabel, rose-red from brow to throat, gayly broke the heap and embraced Ruth.

"Well, honey-girlie," said Mrs. Morris, as she and Isabel re-entered their cottage, "wasn't it sweet of them all, that 'laying on of hands,' as Arthur called it?"

"Yes," replied the Southern girl, starting up the cramped old New England stairway to her room. "It was child's play, but it was very sweet of them, and especially of the General."

The mother detained her fondly. "And still, my child, you're not satisfied?"

"Ah, mother, are you blind, stone blind, or do you only hope I am?"

"My dearie!"

"Why, mother, excepting Leonard, we haven't had one word of true consent from one of them."

"Oh, now, Isabel! They'll all be glad enough by and by."

"Yes," said the daughter, from the landing above, "I've no doubt of that."

She passed into her room, closed the door, and standing in the middle of the floor, with her temples in her palms, said, "O merciful God! Oh, Leonard Byington, if only that second hand of yours had hung back!"

A Company Rare as the Grapes.

From Baldwin's "Gospel of Judas Iscariot." (Jamieson-Higgins.)

My musings were suddenly disturbed by sounds of laughter mingled with loud cries of "Judas! Judas!" Waiting only to roll up my scroll and make certain that my inkhorn was secure in its place, I sprang to my feet and hurried forward among the vines and fig-trees. Reaching the border of the vineyard, about which wound a narrow path, a scene met my gaze that in an instant banished the fountain at Hebron, the watcher on the roof of the Temple and the quibbles of the lawyers, from my mind.

On the broad terrace, next below, a gay crowd—gay at least for somber Judah—was assembled. The most joyous time of all the long harvest season was at hand—the grapes were to be gathered. In the center of an open space stood the wine-press that had made glad the hearts of many generations of my people, the day and year of its building having been long since forgotten, even by those who best preserved our ancient traditions. Like all those in the land where the vine flourisheth, it consisted of a large vat, fashioned from a single huge stone. At the bottom was a grated opening through which the wine flowed, not into a brick receptacle, as is usually the case, but into a circular cistern cut in the solid rock below. This was marked at stated intervals to indicate, without the trouble of measuring, the number of baths, hins and even logs, that it contained. To the right of the wine-press stood twelve baskets—one for each of the twelve tribes of Israel—filled, after the true scriptural measure, with rich, ripe fruit. To its left were numerous bottles, fashioned of goat-skins, for storing the joy-inspiring blood of the grapes. There were also many earthen vessels, for there are some who like not the flavor of wine that hath grown old in bottles. All was ready and the youthful friends of Simon awaited only the coming of his youngest son to begin those simple rejoicings with which the vintage season is always ushered in.

The assembled company was as rare as the grapes. Of greybeards there were none, but most of the youth and beauty of Kerioth was gathered there to make merry in song and dance, partake of the good cheer and—my heart swelled a little at the thought—do honor to the young scholar, the son of the vineyard's master. All were in holiday attire, and the effect was most pleasing to the eye. The tunics of the young men were of the finest linen, their mantles of soft wool were blue, or striped with brown and white, as fancy dictated. Some carried short staves, or walking sticks, some wore signet rings, while the loins of nearly all were encircled with linen girdles, that they might the better engage in the dances that were to follow.

The garments of the Jews have changed but little in many generations, but they impressed me that day as never before, and formed an essential part of a most moving picture. The garb of the maidens did not differ greatly from that of the young men, except that the different articles were much more ample in size and were confined by girdles of linen, long enough to encircle many times the slender waists of the wearers. For the most part their garments were of pure white, the true festal color, but bright tints, artfully combined, were not wanting in mantle and turban. Their shoes were of camel-skin, and the same soft leather served to make fast the sandals of the young men. Nearly all of them wore their hair in curls, though a few long plaits were visible. These were cunningly fastened back with pins and combs, after the manner so severely condemned by the Essenes. Golden bracelets, rendering whiter fair wrists and elbows, necklaces, chains and ear-rings, flashed brightly in the ruddy sunlight. Not a veil was to be seen, for our maidens do not always, as the Gentiles believe, cover their faces; and when should beauty be seen if not on such a day?

Gardens and Olives.

From "In a Tuscan Garden." (Lane.)

Lovers of gardens do occasionally cross my path, and then the joy of comparing notes is very great, I always think everything here, in the gardening line, must appear very inferior to them after the lovely, well-ordered gardens at home; but they seem to find a charm in the wild abundance here, and what a modern writer has well termed the "wonderful efflorescence of the Italian spring."

I have an infallible test by which I always know if English people will or will not *see* Italy. It is the way in which they speak of the olive trees. I never make any remark on the subject, but I listen, and if they bewail the want of "our beautiful English trees," or if they allude to the olives as those "colourless grey trees," I know then that it is no use; these people may travel, they may have the best of couriers, and the newest of guide-books, but *Italy* they will never see with appreciative eye or understanding brain. And there is something almost more beautiful than the olives, but tourists have no chance to see that, because it does not appear before they have all fled; I mean the fresh young growth of the ilex trees, recalling the "grey green" of the Thames scenery, only more silvery. I have watched it for hours of a July evening in the big park, tossing to and fro in the light summer breeze on the tops of the old ilex trees that skirt its east side, and an effect more beautiful and poetical it would be hard to find.

Her Haunting Eyes.

From Nicolls's "Graystone." (Lippincott.)

"It was a lovely afternoon in June when the train from Brussels dropped myself and my trunk unceremoniously on the wayside station platform, and then scurried off down the line, tooting a reed-like little whistle, for all the world like a spectacular entrance and exit in the mechanical setting of a pastoral comedy. Their railroads seemed so diminutive when compared with ours.

"I was in the midst of broad grain-fields, through which a narrow, winding lane led down toward a red-roofed hamlet in the distance.

"A solitary individual in a blue blouse touched the peak of his cap, placed my trunk upon his broad right shoulder, and guided me down the green lane and through the sunlit fields.

"We walked about a mile, stopping before an old stone building, which, judging by the ruins of an ancient water-wheel in the yard adjoining, had evidently been at one time occupied as a mill. It was one story in height, and seemed in its cool, gray quietness, to have settled down from a very active mill of former days to a peaceful and moss-gathering old age.

"I waited outside in the warm afternoon sun for a few moments, when my guide, returning from the interior, bowed politely, and again picking up my trunk, led the way into a cool square room, just off the main hallway.

"It was here one evening that the occupants of a cottage across the way joined our congenial circle, and with them came a little girl,—I never knew her name,—whose lustrous dark eyes so entered my soul that I have since wandered around the world in the vain hope of again seeing them."

"She could not have been more than five or six years old," he recklessly continued; "but the thought possessed me that when I looked into her eyes I beheld a lovely *soul*, years older than the winsome, childlike body; and the soul seemed to meet mine and rejoice in the reunion, as if our spirits had known each other ages before."

"I have never seen anything like them until—"

A Matter of Business.

From Harland's "My Lady Paramount." (Lane.)

"Oh," she said, with the politest smile and bow. "I am so sorry to have missed your visit."

"You are very good." He bowed in his turn. "I wanted to consult you about a trifling matter of business," he informed her.

"A matter of business—?" she wondered; and her face became all attention.

"Exactly," said he. "I wanted to ask what you meant by stating that it was your habit always to be abroad in the hours immaculate? I happened by the merest chance to be abroad in them myself this morning. I examined every nook and cranny of them, I turned them inside out; but not one jot or title of you could I discover."

Susanna's eyes were pensive.

"I was speaking of Italy, was I not?" she replied. "I said, I think, that it was the habit of the people in my part of Italy. But, anyhow, one sometimes varies one's habits. And, after all, one sometimes makes statements that are rash."

"And one is always free to repudiate one's responsibilities." suggestively supplemented our young man.

"Fortunately," she agreed. "Moreover," she changed her ground, "one should not be too exclusive in one's sympathies, one should not be unfair to other hours. This present hour here now—is it not immaculate also? With its pure sky, and its color of warm pines, its deep cool shadows, its patines of bright gold where the sun penetrates, and then, plashing through it, this curling, dimpling, artificial torrent? It is not the hour's fault if it happens to arrive somewhat late in the day—it had to wait its turn. Besides, if one can believe what one reads in books, it will be the very earliest of early hours—down there," (with the tip of a vertical finger she touched the earth), "at the Antipodes."

"To this present hour," said Anthony, with impressive slowness, "I personally owe so great a debt of thankfulness, it would be churlish of me even to hint a criticism. And yet—and yet—how shall I express it? *Eppur' si muove.* It moves, it hastes away;—while I could wish it to remain forever, fixed as the Northern Star. Do they know, in your part of Italy, any means by which the sparkling minutes can be prevailed upon to stay their flight?"

"That is a sort of knowledge," Susanna answered, with a movement of the head, "for which, I fear, one would have to go to a metaphysical and thrifty land like Germany. We are not in the least metaphysical or thrifty in my part of Italy. We allow the sparkling minutes to slip between our fingers, like gold between the fingers of a spendthrift. But—but we rather enjoy the feeling, as they slip."

A Midsummer Night in Lorraine.

From Belloc's "The Path to Rome." (Longmans, Green & Co.)

The peasants sat outside their houses in the twilight accepting the cool air; every one spoke to me as I marched through, and I answered them all, nor was there in any of their salutations the omission of good fellowship or of the name of God. Saving with one man, who was a sergeant of artillery on leave, and who cried out to me in an accent that was very familiar and asked me to drink, but I told him I had to go up into the forest to take advantage of the night, since the days were so warm for walking. As I left the last house of the village I was not secure from loneliness, and when the road began to climb up the hill into the wild and the trees I was wondering how the night would pass.

With every step upward a greater mystery surrounded me. A few stars were out, and the brown night mist was creeping along the water below, but there was still light enough to see the road, and even to distinguish the bracken in the deserted hollows. The highway became little better than a lane; at the

top of the hill it plunged under tall pines, and was vaulted over with darkness. The kingdoms that have no walls, and are built up of shadows, began to oppress me as the night hardened. Had I had companions, still we would only have spoken in a whisper, and in that dungeon of trees even my own self would not raise its voice within me.

It was full night when I had reached a vague clearing in the woods, right up on the height of that flat hill. This clearing was called "The Fountain of Magdalen." I was so far relieved by the broader sky of the open field that I could wait and rest a little, and there, at last separate from men, I thought of a thousand things. The air was full of midsummer, and its mixture of exaltation and fear cut me off from ordinary living. I now understood why our religion has made sacred this season of the year; why we have, a little later, the night of St. John, the fires in the villages, and the old perception of fairies dancing in the rings of the summer grass. A general communion of all things conspires at this crisis of summer against us reasoning men that should live in the daylight, and something fantastic possesses those who are foolish enough to watch upon such nights. So I, watching, was cut off. There were huge, vague summits, all wooded, peering above the field I sat in, but they merged into a confused horizon. I was on a high plateau, yet I felt myself to be alone with the immensity that properly belongs to plains alone. I saw the stars, and remembered how I had looked up at them on just such a night when I was close to the Pacific, bereft of friends and possessed with solitude. There was no noise; it was full darkness. The woods before and behind me made a square frame of silence, and I was enchased here in the clearing, thinking of all things.

A Perpetual Home-seeker's Excursion.

From Annie F. Johnston's "Asa Holmes." (L. C. Page & Co.)

"WHO is that coming up the road?" asked the miller, as a team and wagon appeared over the brow of the hill.

"They wabble along like Duncan Smith's horses," answered the storekeeper, squinting his eyes for a better view. "Yes, that's who it is. That's Dunk on the top of the load. Moving again, bless Pete!"

As the wagon creaked slowly nearer, a feather bed came into view, surmounting a motley collection of household goods, and perched upon it, high above the jangle of her jolting tins and crockery, sat Mrs. Duncan Smith. A clock and a looking-glass lay in her lap, and, like a wise virgin, in her hands she carefully bore the family lamp. From frequent and anxious turnings of her black sunbonnet, it was evident that she was keeping her weather eye upon the chicken-coop, which was bound to the tail-board of the wagon by an ancient clothes-line.

A flop-eared dog trotted along under the wagon. Squeezed in between a bureau and the feather bed, two shock-headed children sat on a flour barrel, clutching each other at every lurch of the crowded van to keep from losing their balance.

"Twelve moves in eight years!" exclaimed Bowser, as the wagon went lurching and creaking on through the dust. "There's gipsy blood in that Dunk Smith, sure as you live. Seems like that family can't be satisfied anywhere; always thinking they can better themselves by changing, and always getting out of the frying-pan into the fire. There wa'n't no well in the place where they settled when they was first married, and they had to carry water from a spring. The muscle put into packing that water up-hill those six months would have dug a cistern, but they were too short-sighted to see that. They jest played Jack and Jill as long as they could stand it, and then moved to a place where there was a cistern already dug. But there wa'n't any fruit on that place. If they'd have set out trees right away they'd have been eating from orchards of their own planting by this time. But they thought it was easier to move to where one was already set out.

"Then when they got to a place where they had both fruit and water, it was low and needed draining. The water settled around the house, and they all had typhoid that summer. Oh, they've spent enough energy packing up and moving on and settling down again in new places to have fixed the first one up to a queen's taste. They seem to be running a perpetual Home-seeker's Excursion. Well, such a life might suit some people, but it would never do for me."

You Can Have No Barter With Me.

From Major's "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." (Macmillan.)

SURE enough, Dorothy was dancing. The pipers in the balcony had burst forth in a ribald jig of a tune, and the girl was whirling in a wild, weird, and wondrous dance before her lover-cousin. Sir George ordered the pipers to cease playing; but again Elizabeth, who was filled with mirth, interrupted, and the music pealed forth in wanton volumes which flooded the gallery. Dorothy danced like an elfin gypsy to the inspiring strains. Soon her dance changed to wondrous imitations of the movements of a horse. She walked sedately around in an ever increasing circle; she trotted and paced; she gave the single foot and racked; she galloped, slowly for a while, and then the gallop merged into a furious run which sent the blood of her audience thrilling through their veins with delight. The wondrous ease and grace, and the marvellous strength and quickness of her movements, cannot be described. I had never before thought the human body capable of such grace and agility as she displayed.

After her dance was finished she stepped in front of her cousin and delivered herself as follows:—

"I am sound from ear tip to fetlock. There is not a blemish in me."

"No, by my faith, I will swear there is not!" cried the Earl of Leicester.

"I have good wind," continued Dorothy, "two good eyes. By night or by day I can see everything within the range of my vision, and a great deal that is not. I shy, at times, when an uncouth object suddenly comes upon

me. I am warranted gentle if properly handled, but otherwise it is unsafe to curry my heels."

Sir George could no longer restrain himself, and again tried to prevent Dorothy from proceeding with her terrible insult to the Stanleys. The queen, however, was determined to see the end of the frolic, and she said:—

"Proceed, Mistress Vernon, proceed."

Dorothy, nothing loath, continued: "As for my disposition, it might be better. It probably will improve with age, if it doesn't grow worse. I have all the gaits a horse should have. I am four years old, I have never been trained to work double, and I think I never shall be. What think you? Now what have you to offer in exchange? Step out and let me see you move."

She took the poor youth by the hand and led him to the middle of the floor.

"How old are you? Show me your teeth," she said. The heir to Derby smiled uneasily, and drew his hand across his nose.

"Ah, you have a touch of the distemper, I see. Are you subject to it?"

Stanley smiled, and the earl said:—

"Sir George, this insult has gone far enough."

"Stand back, my Lord Derby," said the queen. "Do not interfere with this interesting barter."

The earl reluctantly lapsed into silence. He remembered the insult of her Majesty's words all his life.

"Now step off," said Dorothy to Lord James.

The young man stood in helpless confusion. Dorothy took a step backward from him, and after watching Stanley a moment said:—

"What! You can neither trot, pace, nor gallop? I don't believe you can even walk alone." Then she turned toward Sir George. A smile was on her lips, but a look from hell was in her eyes as she said:—

"Father, take a lesson from this day. I gave you fair warning. Bring me no more scurvy cobs for barter nor trade." Then she turned to the Earl of Derby and to her cousin Lord James, made a deep courtesy, and said:—

"You can have no barter with me. Good day."

A Victim to Coffee.

From Morris's "A Pasteboard Crown." (Scribner.)

Miss Morrell had kept her talk with the manager and her appointment a secret, feeling that Sybil would thus be more at her ease, more natural in manner, than she could possibly be if she knew she was being inspected or examined, like a servant seeking a new place. And now, as the sisters smilingly consented to her plan, she turned in between the big billboards that announced the week's run of "Romeo and Juliet," with the name of the lady star in very, very large letters and "supported by" in small type. Then the name of the gentleman who played Romeo appeared in letters two sizes smaller than those of the star, and lower down, in quite small type, one read: "Mr. Stewart Thrall as Mercutio."

And Sybil tapped the letters with her parasol-tip, and said: "His performance was the best in the play. Why are his letters not the biggest?"

And the actress laughed, as she answered: "Children always ask difficult questions. Wait till you're older, my dear. Perhaps this time next year all this mystery of type and printer's ink will be clear to your understanding. But you are right about the acting of Thrall; his Mercutio is the best of his time.

She went to the box-office window, and learning from the half-strangled Barney that the manager was in his private office, she swept them across the vestibule, from whose walls the gold-framed pictured actors looked down inquiringly, tapped at a door, and in answer to a cheery "Entrez!" entered the room, crying: "May I bring up my light infantry?"

And in answer to his laughing "By all means—I'm in need of reinforcements, you know!" she drew the girls inside, saying: "The Misses Lawton, Mr. Thrall, who ask of your grace a few moments' hospitality and rest, as they, like myself, are country-bred, and therefore easily shop wearied."

"Well, none of you are shop-worn, at all events!" He laughed, as he found seats for them by the simple process of sweeping manuscripts, sheet-music, and what-not from the chair to the floor in a corner.

"Ah!" exclaimed Miss Morrell to the girls, "would he not make a blithe and bonnie housekeeper?"

And Sybil acquiesced with: "A place for everything and everything in that one place," while Thrall drew up the shade of the one real window and let the full light into the dull red room, showing the age-blackened, iron-heavy, splendidly carved table and desk and chair and the freshness of the two young creatures looking up at him with such honest admiration in their innocent eyes as to fairly embarrass him. And, so strange a thing is memory, for just one moment he was a boy again in roundabout jacket and broad white collar, and his only sister, seventeen years old, stood at the altar with her young minister bridegroom, and looked at him with just such sweetly innocent eyes. He shook his head sharply and passed his hand across his eyes. His sister had been dead these twenty years—what had come over him?

And then Miss Morrell, who had been peering under and over everything in the room, asked, plaintively: "'Where is it, Stewart, mon ami? What have you done with it? Am I to die before your eyes from sheer exhaustion, and without even an effort on your part to save me?"

And he, pointing to a hanging cabinet, said: "There's the life-saving station!" and threw open the door, revealing a complete outfit for coffee-making. Then, noting the girls' surprised looks, he went on: "Ah! I see you are not very well acquainted with my friend here, or has she been clever enough to conceal her dissipation? Be that as it may, we have here an awful example—a victim to—"

"Stewart Thrall!" threateningly exclaimed Miss Morrell, as she lighted the spirit-lamp beneath the coffee-pot.

"A victim to coffee! Morning, noon, or

night, her one cry is 'Coffee!' Ah, it's sad! Such a promising young creature as she was, too! But you see what coffee has brought her to!"

"I'll buy a French pot and a bottle of alcohol on the way home," laughed Sybil, "and see where it will land me!"

"Gracious!" cried Dorothy, "you will land in a sanitarium if you attempt to increase the amount of coffee you are taking already!"

"Oh, are you one of the devotees of the little brown berry?" asked Miss Morrell. "Well, we are three, then, for that man there adores it, in spite of his jibes at me!"

A Timely Arrival.

From Carey's "Monsieur Martin." (Putnam.)

"M. MARTIN, or whoever it is," said her companion, coolly, "you arrived in the very nick of time. *Mon Dieu!* another three minutes and I had not been here to thank you. Why did I not lock the door? Shut it now," he commanded, brusquely; "there may be more of those gentry lurking in the passage." He threw his bloody sword with a clatter on the table, tossed off his hat, and filled two glasses of Burgundy. "Here is your health, sir," he said, as he gulped the wine down. "I shall not forget your services, and to the end of my life,"—the lady put out a timid, restraining hand, which he impatiently pushed away,—"you will have the thanks of Friedrich August of Saxony."

I looked at his dark brows and laughed. Friedrich August of Saxony! It was a good joke.

He smiled, too, and, as if he understood, flung his cloak open. An amazing glitter leaped across the candles. On the left breast of his superb coat gleamed a star; suspended round his neck by a blue silken ribbon with a jewelled clasp hung an ivory elephant chased in gold. The blood buzzed in my ears. The Order of the White Elephant! It was really his Majesty!

Dropping on my knee I kissed penitently the hand graciously held out. Then he raised me with the grip of a bear. "You have my thanks," he replied, smiling, "I shall not forget you, M. Martin."

Nor I him, for my poor fingers were crushed. No wonder the man had gone through the windows like plates! It was no less than his Majesty Augustus the Strong, who could crumple a horse-shoe in one fist—the king of whose Titan strength all Europe talked.

His Majesty had drawn an emerald ring from his finger. "Do me the honor," he said, genially, "to accept this trifling token of my gratitude. When you want help, it may remind you that you have a friend at court."

How irresistible was his smile! The Grav was right; his manner was charming, quite charming.

"And what is M. Martin doing in my delightful city of Dresden?" he inquired.

The lady said something rapidly in Polish. The King gazed at me with deep interest, asked a question or two in the same tongue, nodding brightly at her answers.

"So you are in my service, though I did not know it," he said. "If all my servants were as useful as you, M. Martin, Dresden would, indeed, be a pleasant town. But, *mon cœur*"—he pinched the lady's cheek playfully—"you, too, must thank our friend here."

The lady offered her hand with the air of a queen. "M. Martin," she whispered, "knows, I am sure, that I am doubly grateful for myself and my king." He turned at her words and caressingly threw the mantilla round her shoulders, whispering tenderly till her eyes gleamed and her bosom heaved.

I acknowledged her sweet courtesy as best I could and begged leave to retire.

"As you please," the King answered, "but we shall meet again under more pleasant circumstances, I hope." He took a step forward and bent his swarthy brows on me. "M. Martin," he said in a deep voice, "no doubt understands that he must keep strict silence—"

"You can trust him, sire," the lady interrupted, quietly, with an entrancing smile at me. "I can promise your Majesty that when the gentleman has given his word he never breaks it."

"I am sure of it," said his Majesty, affably. "We do not require your word, sir. Good night."

And that was how I clambered up the secret ladder to my attic for the first time, climbing it in the service of Augustus the Strong, and with one hand red in the blood of his enemies.

The New Proprietors.

From Bennett's "T. Racksole & Daughter." (New Amsterdam Book Co.)

"YOUR Highness would doubtless like to be conducted to your room—apartments, I mean." Then Nella laughed deliberately at the Prince, and said: "I don't know who is the proper person to conduct you, and that's a fact. The truth is that papa and I are rather raw yet in the hotel line. You see, we only bought the place last night."

"You have bought the hotel!" exclaimed the Prince.

"That's so," said Racksole.

"And Félix Babylon has gone?"

"He is going, if he has not already gone."

"Ah! I see," said the Prince; "this is one of your American 'strokes.' You have bought to sell again, is that not it? You are on your holidays, but you cannot resist making a few thousands by way of relaxation. I have heard of such things."

"We shan't sell again, Prince, until we are tired of our bargain. Sometimes we tire very quickly, and sometimes we don't. It depends—eh? what?" Racksole broke off suddenly to attend to a servant in livery who had quietly entered the bureau and was making urgent mysterious signs to him.

"If you please, sir," the man by frantic gestures implored Mr. Theodore Racksole to come out.

"Pray don't let me detain you, Mr. Racksole," said the Prince, and therefore the proprietor of the Grand Babylon departed after the servant, with a queer, curt little bow to Prince Aribert.

"Mayn't I come inside!" said the Prince to Nella immediately the millionaire had gone.

"Impossible, Prince," Nella laughed. "The rule against visitors entering this bureau is frightfully strict."

"How do you know the rule is so strict if you only came into possession last night."

"I know because I made the rule myself this morning, your Highness."

"But seriously, Miss Racksole, I want to talk to you."

"Do you want to talk to me as Prince Aribert or as the friend—the acquaintance—whom I knew in Paris last year?"

"As the friend, dear lady, if I may use the term."

"And you are sure that you would not like first to be conducted to your apartments?"

"Not yet. I will wait till Dimmock comes; he cannot fail to be here soon."

"Then we will have tea served in father's private room—the proprietor's private room, you know."

"Good," he said.

Nella talked through a telephone, and rang several bells, and behaved generally in a manner calculated to prove to Princes and to whomever it might concern that she was a young woman of business instincts and training, and then she stepped down from her chair of office, emerged from the bureau, and, preceded by two menials, led Prince Aribert to the Louis XV. chamber in which her father and Félix Babylon had had their long confabulation on the previous evening.

Baden-Baden and the Blue Necktie.

From Lilian Bell's "Abroad With the Jimmies." (L. C. Page & Co.)

THEN on one happy day we were all packed to go. We sent our trunks down, saw every drawer emptied, pulled the bed to pieces, looked under it and decided that *this* time we hadn't left so much as a pin. Bee stuck her *"blaue cravatte,"* as we now called the necktie, under the bureau mat to put on when we came up, and then we snatched a hasty luncheon. In the meantime we turned our "private maid" and the chambermaid loose to see if we had overlooked anything.

When we came up they were still rummaging, but had found nothing.

Bee hurried to the bureau and looked under the mat. No tie. She asked the two women. They had not seen it. Then everybody hunted. Jimmie swore we had packed it. But Bee's gray eyes turned to green as she watched the flurried movements of the two maids. She walked up to them.

"Give me that blue necktie," she said, in awful German.

At that Jimmie, who hates a row when it is not of his own making, interfered and insisted that we must have packed it—he remembered numbers of times when we had made a fuss over nothing—it was of no account anyway, and if we would only come along and not miss the train he would send back to Charvet and get Bee another *"blaue cravatte."*

"For heaven's sake, take that man downstairs," I said to Mrs. Jimmie, "and let us manage this affair."

So poor Jimmie was whisked from the scene of action, still protesting and gesticulating, and being soothed but marched steadily onward by his wife.

When we came down we were heated but unsuccessful. I insisted upon reporting the affair to my friend the head waiter. He almost went back on his devotion to me in his assurances that those maids were honest. Then Jimmie had to come up and interfere, and those two men decided that we had packed it.

Bee was in a cold ladylike fury.

We gave all the servants double fees to assure them that meanness had not prompted the search, and got into the carriage.

"Remember," said Bee, "I claim that one of those women has that tie in her pocket now, because all four of us looked every inch of the rooms over together. I advise you to have them searched. On the other hand I will telegraph you from Nuremberg if I find it in my trunks."

We had half an hour before the train left. Bee, who was riding backward, kept looking out down the road whence we had come with a curious expression on her face. Jimmie, in spite of warning pressures from his wife's foot, kept sputtering about women's poor memories, etc. Bee didn't even seem to hear.

Presently, in a cloud of dust, up drove one of the men from the hotel, with a little package in his hand.

"Blaue cravatte," he said, bowing.

"Where did you find it?" demanded Mrs. Jimmie.

"Between the mattress and the springs of the bed. Madame must have put it there to press it."

Jimmie looked sheepish and put us into the train with a red face. Bee simply slipped the tie into her satchel and put on her travelling-cap without a word, and began to read. Bee never nags or crows.

Driving on the Prairie.

From Phillips's "Red Saunders." (McClure, Phillips & Co.)

"I STEPPED up to her, with my hat in my hand. 'Miss Andree,' says I (she was Jonesy's sister's child), 'if you come along with me I'll guarantee you a safe journey. If any harm reaches you it will be after one of the liveliest times in the history of the Territory.'

"At this she laughed. 'Very well,' says she, 'I'll chance it, Mr. Red.'

"'His name ain't Red,' puts in Darragh, solemn. 'His name's Saunders. We call him Red becus uf his hair.'

"'I'm sure I beg your pardon,' says Miss Loys, all of a fluster.

"'That's all right, ma'am; no damage done at all,' says I. 'It's useless for me to try to conceal the fact that my hair is a little on the auburn. You mustn't mind what Darragh says. We've had a good deal of hot weather lately and his brains have gone wrong. Now hop in and we'll touch the

breeze.' So I piled her trunk in and away we flew.

"Bud and Dandy were a corking little team. They'd run the whole distance from the railway to the ranch if you'd let 'em—and I never interfered. A straight line and the keen jump hits me all right when I'm going some place, although I can loaf with the next man on occasion. So we missed most of the gulleys.

"'Goodness gracious!' says the girl, 'do you always go like this in this country? And aren't there any roads?'

"'Why, no,' says I. 'Hike!' and I snapped the blacksnake over the ponies' ears, and they strung themselves out like a brace of coyotes, nearly pulling the buckboard out from under us. 'Sometimes we travel like *this*,' I says. 'And as for roads, I despise 'em. You're not afraid, are you?'

"'Indeed I'm not. I think it's glorious. Might I drive?'

"'If I can smoke,' says I, 'then *you* can drive.' I'd heard about young women who'd been brought up so tender that tobacker smoke would ruin their morals or something, and I kind of wondered if she was that sort.

"'That's a bargain,' says she prompt. 'But how you're going to light a cigar in this wind I don't see.'

"'Cigarette,' says I. 'And if you would kindly hold my hat until I get one rolled I'll take it kind of you.'

"'But what about the horses?' says she.

"'Put your foot on the lines and they'll make. That's the main and only art of driving on the prairie—not to let the lines get under the horses' feet—all the rest is just sit still and look at the scenery.'

Game Hunting.

From "The Deer Family." (Macmillan Co.)

THERE are many sides to the charm of big game hunting; nor should it be regarded as being without its solid advantages from the standpoint of national character. Always in our modern life, the life of a highly complex industrialism, there is a tendency to softening of the fibre. This is true of our enjoyments; and it is no less true of very many of our business occupations. It is not true of such work as railroading, a purely modern development, nor yet of work like that of those who man the fishing fleets; but it is preëminently true of all occupations which cause men to lead sedentary lives in great cities. For these men it is especially necessary to provide hard and rough play. It is an excellent thing for any man to be a good horseman and a good marksman, to be able to live in the open and to feel a self-reliant readiness in any crisis. Big game hunting tends to produce or develop exactly these physical and moral traits. To say that it may be pursued in a manner or to an extent which is demoralizing is but to say what can likewise be said of all other pastimes and of almost all kinds of serious business. That it can be abused either in the way in which it is done, or the extent to which it is carried, does not alter the fact that it is in itself a sane and healthy recreation.

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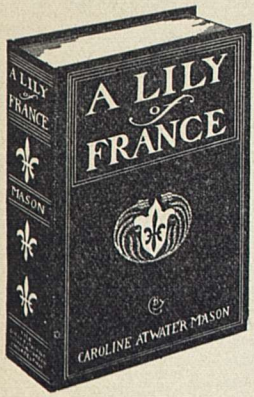

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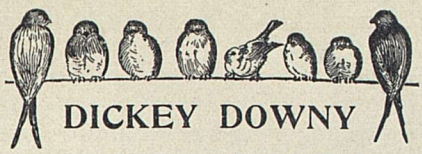

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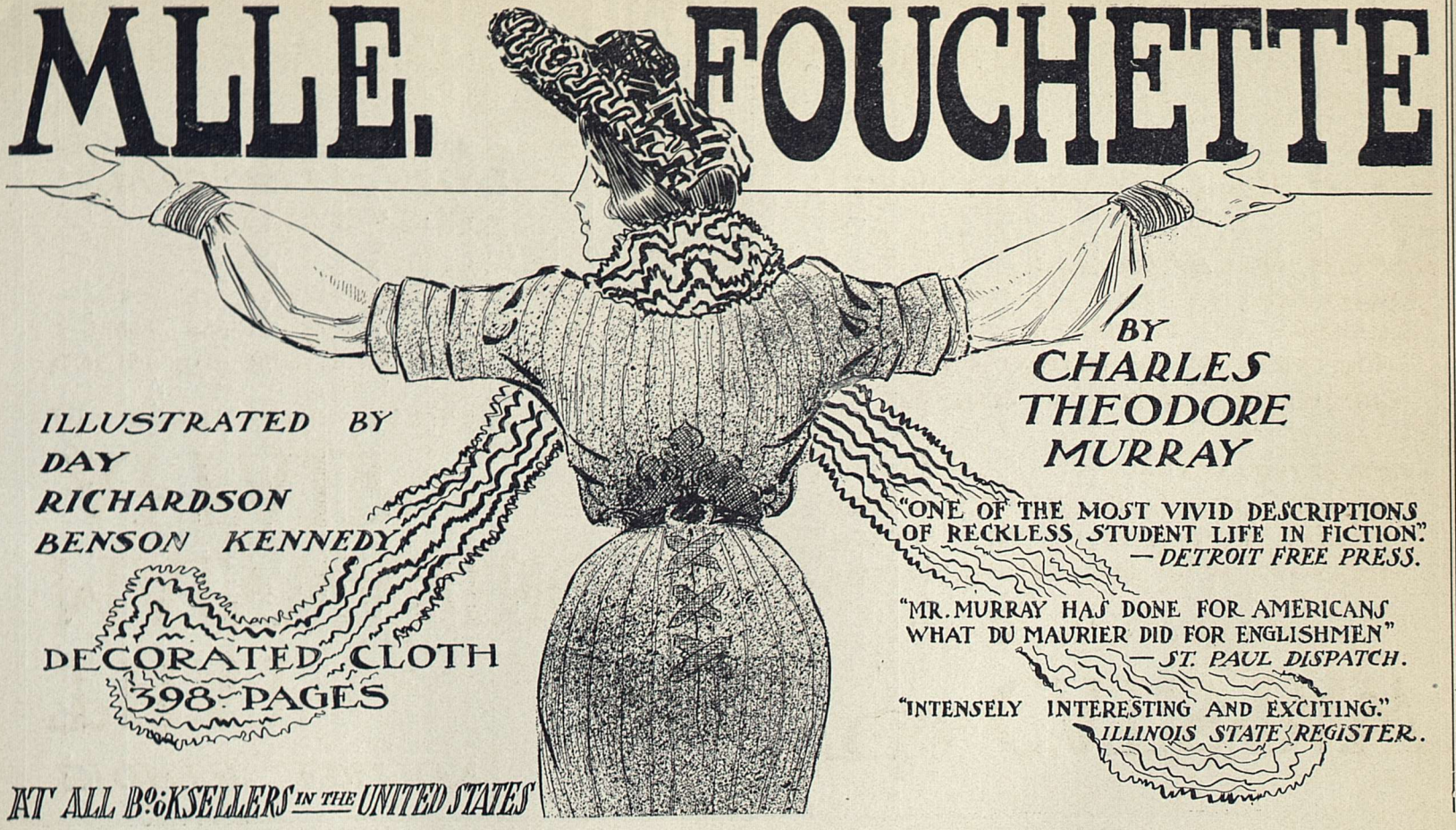

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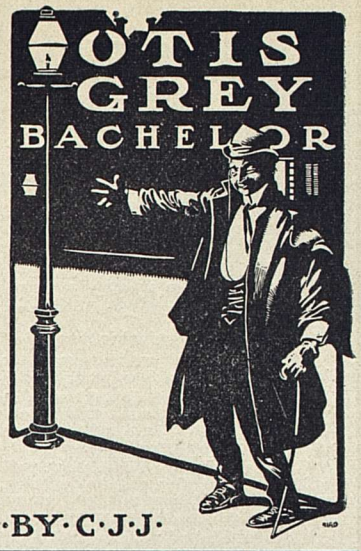

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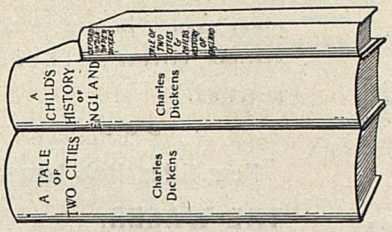

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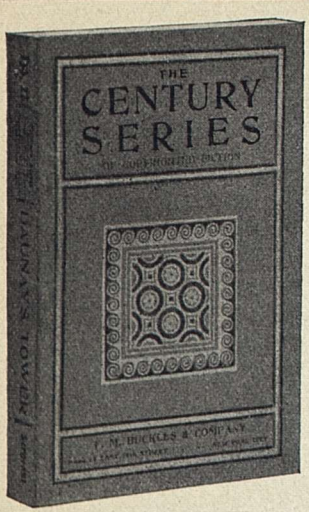

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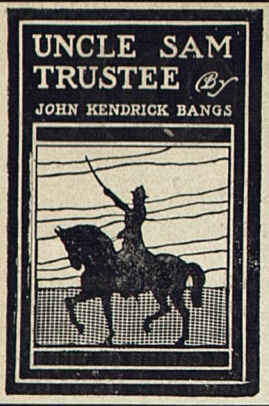

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Williams, Maids of Honor.
Walton's Angler, any eds. between 1834 and 1866; also 1893.
Wislizenus, Ausflug nach d. Felsengebirge, 1836.
Wyeth, Journey from Atlantic to Pacific.
Webb, Altowan; or Rocky Mountain Life.

W. B. Clarke Co., Park and Tremont Sts., Boston, Mass.

The West Indies, C. Washington Eves.
Modern Essays, by F. W. H. Myers.
The Thackerays in India, Hunter. Frowde.
Pearson's Practical Astronomy.

Henry T. Coates & Co., Phila., Pa.

Ivanhoe, Ward, Lock ed., green cl.
Kenilworth, Ward, Lock ed., green cl.
Coffin, Modern French Painters.
Conway, Thomas Carlyle.
Morris, William, Art and Craft of Printing.
DeBury, Richard. The Philobiblon.

Wm. G. Colesworthy, 66 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

Frank Forester's Quorndon Hounds; My Shooting Box.

The Columbian Book Co., 81 Whitehall St., Atlanta, Ga.

Cameron Hall.

Irving S. Colwell, Auburn, N. Y.

Harper's Magazine, Dec., 1892.
Stoddard, Travel Lectures, 11 v., cloth.
Matheson, Portrait Studies Life Christ, 2 v.
Savage, Genealogies.

Congdon & Britnell, Toronto, Can.

Auchinleck's War of 1812-14, 8vo. Toronto, 1855.
Coffin's War of 1812, 8vo., 1864.
Anything relating to the lives of Captain John Smith, Pocahontas, or Powhattan.

Congregational S. S. and Pub. Soc., 14a Beacon St., Boston, Mass. [*Cash.*]

Warner's Library, 31 vs., Cloth ed.

BOOKS WANTED.—Continued.

H. M. Connor, 232 Meridian St., E. Boston, Mass.

Outlines of Dict. of Solubilities of Chemical Substances, by T. H. Storer.
Journal of Society of Dyers and Colorists, Bradford, Eng., from 1894 to date.
Transactions of Ontological Society, 1885 to date.
Great Captains, by Dodge.

C. P. Cox, 257 W. 125th St., N. Y.

Statuvolism, by Dr. Fahnestock.

Cushing & Co., 34 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

Complete set *Anglo-Saxon Review,* by Lady Randolph Churchill.
Almost Persuaded.

Damrell & Upham, 283 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Trench, Sacred Latin Poetry.
Neale's Mediæval Hymns.

E. Darrow & Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Needlework for Student Teachers, by Amy K. Smith.
Century Mag., Sept., 1900.
Old Geography, with lines:
"The world is round, wise men declare,
And hung on nothing in the air."

Davis' Book Store, 35 W. 42d St., N. Y.

Lecky, History of European Morals, 2 v.
Schouler, History of the U. S. Under Constitution, 4 v.
MacMaster, History of U. S., v. 4, 5, 6.
Roosevelt, Winning of the West.

F. M. DeWitt, 318 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.

Winthrop, Life in the Open Air.
Knickerbocker Magazine, Sept. and Oct., 1857.

The H. & W. B. Drew Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

System of Physical Training, Sandow. Continental Pub. Co. ed.
Martha Washington Cook Book.
Rhyme and Reason, by Lewis Carroll.

Alexander Duncker (H. von Carnap), 178 Fulton St., N. Y. [*Cash.*]

Transactions of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, sets or odd vols.
Engineering and Mining Journal, odd vols.

Eaton & Mains, 21 Adams Ave., E., Detroit, Mich.

The Pulpit Commentary, complete set or odd vols.

Eau Claire Book and Stationery Co., Eau Claire, Wis.

Earth's Beginning, Ball.
Boys of '76, Coffin.
In the Eagle's Talon, Stevens.
Orations, tr. by C. D. Yonge.
Outlines of Irish History, McCarthy.

Kenneth B. Elliman, 419 W. 118th St., N. Y. [*Cash.*]

Churchman, Mar. 23, 1901, 3 copies.
Churchman, Apr. 27, 1901, 3 copies.
Scribner's, Jan., 1901, 1 copy.
Outlook, bound vols.

Everitt & Francis Co., 116 E. 23d St., N. Y.

Athenian Letters, 2 v., 1798.
Abbottsford ed. Waverley, odd vols.

Farquhar & Albrecht, 378 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

50 Pernin's Universal Phonography, new or second-hand.

C. P. Farrel, 117 E. 21st St., N. Y.

Sir Archibald Allison's England in 1815 and 1845, or a Sufficient and a Contracted Currency; second-hand, must be cheap.

H. W. Fisher & Co., 1535 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Gordon, Journal at Khartoum.
Lewis & Clark's Travels, Larpe paper, Harper.
Schoolcraft, Indian Tribes, 6 v.
Money's Java, 2 v.
Secret and Historical Memoirs, 20 v.
Audubon, Birds and Quadrupeds, 10 v., 8vo ed.

P. K. Foley, 36 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

Bryant Centennial, Cummington, Mass., 1894.
Aldrich, Daisy's Necklace, 1857.
Aldrich, Babie Bell, 1859 and 1878.
Aldrich, Poems, 1863, '65, '82, '85.
Aldrich, Père Antoine's Date Palm, 1866.
Aldrich, Pansie's Wish, 1867.

P. K. Foley.—*Continued.*

Aldrich, Vest Pocket Series, issues 1877.
Aldrich, Queen of Sheba, 1877.
Aldrich, The Little Violinist, 1880.
Cable, Madame Delphine, 1881.
Cable, Creoles of Louisiana, 1884.
Cable, The Negro Question, 1888.
Cable, Busy Man's Bible, 1893.
Clemens, Mark Twain's Memoranda. Toronto, 1871.
Clemens, Adventures of Tom Sawyer, 1876.
Clemens, A True Story, 1877.
Clemens, Tom Sawyer Abroad, 1894.
Curtis, Prue and I, Large paper, 1892.
Halleck, Fanny, 1866.
Halleck, Lines to the Recorder, 1866.
Halleck, Writings, Large paper, 1869.
Halleck, Life, etc., Large paper, 1869.
Harte, Bret, First editions previous to 1890.
Hawthorne, First editions previous to 1880.
Irving, First editions previous to 1850.
Irving, Studies of, 1880.
Melville, Omoor, 1847.
Melville, Moby-Dick, 1851.
Melville, John Marr, and Other Sailors, 1888.
Melville, Timoleon, 1891.
Motley, Holt Correspondence, 1861.
Motley, Four Questions for the People, 1868.
Motley, Peter the Great, 1877.
Page, Thomas Nelson, Works, 1893.
Page, In Ole Virginia, 1887.
Page, Among the Camps, 1891.
Parkman, Pioneers of France, 1865.
Parkman, Book of Roses, 1866.
Parkman, Jesuits in North America, 1867.
Parkman, Frontenac, 1877.
Parkman, Braddock's Defeat, 1890.
Parkman, Champlain and His Associates, 1890.
Parkman, California and Oregon Trail, 1893.
Prescott, Memoir of John Pickering, 1848.
Redpath, Echoes of Harper's Ferry, 1860.
Saxe, Poems, 1850 and 1861.
Thoreau, Early Spring, 1881.
Thoreau, Summer, 1884.
Thoreau, Winter, 1888.
Thoreau, Thoughts, 1890.
Thoreau, Autumn, 1892.
Thoreau, Works (any or all vols.), 1894.
Warner, C. D., Book of Eloquence, 1851.
Warner, Looking Forward. N. Y., 1890.
Warner, Being a Boy, 1878.
Warner, Washington Irving, 1892.
The Club-Room. Boston, 1820.
Mirick, History of Haverhill, 1832.
Poe, Writings, previous to 1850.
Poe, Tales of the Grotesque, v. 2.
Parsons, T. W. Writings, previous to 1880.

Forbes & Wallace, Springfield, Mass.

Hydraulics, by Hamilton Smith.

Free Public Library, St. Joseph, Mo.

Overland, Jan., March, 1896; May, Aug., Sept., Oct., Dec., 1896; May, 1897; Feb., 1900.
Outing, May, Sept., 1896; May, 1897; Oct., 1901; Feb., 1902.
St. Nicholas, March, April, 1894; March, Dec., 1896; March, 1897; Jan., 1901.
School Journal, Feb. 23, Aug. 31, 1901.
Galaxy, March, May, June, 1876; July, Nov., Dec., 1876; Oct., 1875.
Charities, March 2, July 16, Aug. 24, Nov. 9, 1901.
Harper's Bazar, May, June, 1901.
Cosmopolitan, Feb., Oct., Dec., 1901.

J. F. Gepfert, 138 Superior St., Cleveland, O.

Irving, Life Washington. Putnam, 1859, v. 5 only.
Neal, Charcoal Sketches.
Nicolay and Hay, Lincoln.

Ginn & Co., 70 5th Ave., N. Y.

American Dictionary of Printing and Bookmaking, pub. by the Lockwood Press.

Goodpasture Book Co., 608 Church St., Nashville, Tenn.

Ewald, History of Israel.

Goodspeed's Book Shop, 5a Park St., Boston, Mass. [*Cash.*]

Strickland, Queens of England, vs. 1-3. Phila., 1851.
Buchanan, Sketches of the North American Indians, v. 1, 1824.
Ramsey, History Revolution of South Carolina, v. 2. Trenton, 1785.
Cooper, History of the Navy, v. 1. Phila., 1839.
Gibbon, Rome, vs. 2, 3. (Bohn.)

BOOKS WANTED.—Continued.

Goodspeed's Book Shop.—*Continued.*

History of the Buccaneers of America, v. 1. New York, 1826.
Godwin, Biography of Bryant, v. 2.
Seward, Works, v. 1, 1855.
Weiss, Life of Theodore Parker, v. 1.
Wilson, Rise and Fall of the Slave Power, v. 1.
Burton, Cyclopedia of Wit and Humor, v. 2.
Du Chaillu, The Viking Age, v. 1.
Bacon, Works, v. 1. Boston, 1861.

Martin I. J. Griffin, 2009 N. 12th St., Phila., Pa.

Bishop England's Works.
Book of Common Prayer.

M. R. Halliday, 205 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

Bendire, North American Birds, v. 1, or both.
Boog on Scottish Rites, compiled by Pike.
Holy Bible. London, 1752.

Harvard Co-operative Society, Cambridge, Mass.

World's Work, v. 1 and 2, separate numbers.

E. A. Henkle, 112 N. 12th St., Phila., Pa.

Metropolitan, Feb. and April, 1895, April, 1896.
Black Cat, Aug., 1898.

Karl W. Hierseman, Leipzig, Germany.

Journal of Morphology, by Whitman. Boston, v 1 to 8.
Annals of American Academy of Political and Social Science, v. 1.

J. A. Hill & Co., 91 5th Ave., N. Y.

Buckeye Cook Book, subscription ed., green cl., 1892 or earlier.

Walter M. Hill, 31 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Cooper (James Fenimore), Works, Townsend's original ed., 32 v.

Hunter & Welburn, Nashville, Tenn.

Burckhardt, Arabic Proverbs.

H. S. Hutchinson & Co., New Bedford, Mass.

Footlight Flashes, by William Davidge, published in New York, 1866.

The International News Co., 83 Duane St., N. Y.

Boynton, History of West Point.

H. N. Jackson, 36 W. 6th St., Cincinnati, O.

100 copies Packard's New Commercial Arithmetic.
Good life of Simon Kenton.

George W. Jacobs & Co., 103 S. 15th St., Phila., Pa.

A Tale Illustrative of the Sacramental and Special Services of the Prayer Book, by Mrs. Carey Brock.

Robert L. Jaques' Book Store, Lafayette, Ind.

Corthell, Mississippi River Jetties.
Fuertes and Crandall, Practical Astronomy.
Bresse and Mahan, Water Wheels and Hydraulic Motors.
Arnold, Complete Cost Keeper.
Effront, Enzymes and Their Application.
Stephen, Pope as a Moralist.
Reed Lectures on Britist Poets, 2 v.
Saintsbury, Literature of 19th Century.
Buchanan, Master Spirits.
Watts, Cost of Production.
Fleming, Timetable Constructor.
Index *Journal of Franklin Institute*, v. 1.
Index *Journal of Franklin Institute*, v. 2.
Index *American Inst. of Mining.*
Mead, Versification of Pope.

E. J. Jett Book and News Co., 806 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

Life and Doctrine of Jacob Boehme.

E. W. Johnson, 2 E. 42d St., N. Y.

Inventions, etc., of Tesla, by Martin.
Lady in the Red Dress.

The E. P. Judd Co., New Haven, Conn. [*Cash.*]

2 copies Water Tramps, Bartlett, pub. by Putnam.
2 copies Nystrom's Pocket Text-Book, Mechs., etc., J. B. L. Co., 21st ed. or later.

Kimball Bros., 618 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

Webster's Private Correspondence, v. 1.

King's Old Book Store, 15 4th St., San Francisco, Cal.

Ripley, Mexico.
Ency. Brit., v 23 and 24 (Scribner); v. 10 (Peale).

King's Old Book Store.—*Continued.*

Shakespeare, v. 1 (L., B. & Co.), 12 v. ed.
Shakespeare, v. 1 (E. & L.), 6 v. ed.
Peters, Piano Instructor.

J. Kuhlman, 117 N. 13th St., Phila., Pa. [*Cash.*]

St. Nicholas, v. 1 to 4, or odd numbers.
Bibl. Repertory and Princeton Rev., 1825 to 1833, 1837, 42 to 45, 48, 51, 56, 68, 70, 71, 75 to 77.
Golden Days, v. 17, nos. 34 to 43; also nos. 12 to 21, 1896; v. 18, July to October, 1897.
Dawson's Hist. Mag., 3d ser., v. 3, all numbers except no. 1; also the 5 extra numbers; also job lots.
Forum, v. 1, no. 6.
Am. Hist. Register, April and June, 1897.
Land we Love, March and April, 1869.
Engineering Mag., v. 1, nos. 1 and 4, v. 3, no. 5, v. 4, no. 2.
Cassier's Mag., 1891 and 1892, or odd numbers.
N. A. Review, odd numbers or vols. in years 1815 to 1819, 1840 to 1876.
Wheelman, 1882 and 1883, or odd numbers.
Southern Hist. Soc. Papers, Dec., '79, all of 1881 and 1882, nos. 2 to 5 of '83, nos. 1 and 2 of '84, all of 1886 and '88, '90, '91, '95 to '97, 1899 and 1900.
Southern Bivouac, 1882 to '84, or odd numbers.
Magazine of Western History, quote odd numbers of v. 9 to 17.
Chautauquan, 1881.
Hunt's Merchant Mag., 1858 to 1870, or odd v.
Jobs lots wanted of the following:
Silliman's Journal of Science; Niles' Weekly Register; Pol. Science Quart.; Quart. Journal of Economics; Pub. of Am. Economic Ass'n; Poet-Lore, Educational Rev.; Education; Am. Antiquarian and Oriental Journal; Smithsonian Contr. to Knowledge; Am. Geologist; Catholic Quart. Rev.; Brownson's Quart. Rev.; De Bow's Review; Southern Quart. Rev.; Harper's Weekly; Banker's Mag.; Democratic Rev.; Journal of Am. Oriental Society; New World; Am. Naturalist; Music; Overland Monthly, etc.

Chas. E. Lauriat Co., 301 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Rhyme and Reason, Lewis Carroll.
Stevenson's Poems and Ballads, Green cl., il. Scribner.
Ree's Encyclopedia, 45 v., 4to.
New Eng. Hist. and Gen. Reg., v. 18, 20, 50, 51.
Any work against Christian Science, by Mrs. Morrow.

Thomas Laurie, 13 Paternoster Row, London, Eng.

Barnard's Books on Education.
Quick's Educational Reformers, 1887.

Henry E. Legler, Milwaukee, Wis. [*Cash.*]

Pluribusta, a Parody of Longfellow's Hiawatha.
In the Track of the Book Worm, Browne. Roycroft.
Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book, separate ed.
Hamilton's Parodies, v. 1.

The Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

Fraser, Donald, Metaphors in the Gospels. N. Y., 1885.
Ryan, C. E. With an Ambulance during the Franco-Prussian War. N. Y., 1896.

Little, Brown & Co., 254 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

American Book Prices Current (any vols.).

I. M. Low, Colorado Springs, Colo. [*Cash.*]

Summer Driftwood for Winter Fire, Rose Porter.

T. J. McBride & Son, 71 Broadway, N. Y.

Life on Lagoons, by H. R. F. Brown, Macmillan.

A. C. McClurg &Co., 215 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Bancroft, History of U. S., v. 9.

Joseph McDonough, 39 Columbia St., Albany, N. Y.

Wells, History of Wells Family.
N. Y. Financial Chronicle, 1885 to date.
Ingersoll's Works, 12 v., cl., $25 ed.
De Beauvoison, French Verbs.
Hamilton's Parodies, v. 1.

Megeath Stationery Co., Omaha, Neb. [*Cash.*]

2 Man; Fragments of Forgotten History, cl. binding.
Bacon and Shakespeare, by Morgan and Platt, published by Shakespeare Press, Westfield, N. J.

F. M. Morris, 171 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Nordau, Malady of the Century.
Nordau, Shackles of Fate.

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New England Methodist Book Depository, 36 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

Windleband, History of Philosophy, second-hand.

W. W. Nisbet, 12 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

Hamerton, Graphic Arts.
James, Mississippi River Guide.
Poe's Works.
Stephens, Travel in Central America.
Squier, States of Central America.

A. J. Ochs Co., Boston Neck Book Store, 1781 Wash. St., Boston, Mass. [*Cash.*]

Heraldic Journal, nos. 4, 10, 23, pub. by Wiggin & Lunt, Boston.
Quotations on early books or pamphlets relating to Marine, Life or Fire Insurance.

Daniel O'Shea, 1584 Broadway, N. Y.

The City, no. 1.
Sumner's Work on Engraved Portraits.

C. C. Ostrander, Islip, N. Y.

Spark's Biog. [10 v. ed.], v. 6, 8, 10.
Hamilton, Alex., by J. E. Graybill, 1897.
Bancroft's U. S., v. 9 and 10.
Sargent's Life of Andre.
Hamilton, Alex., Coleman's Facts and Documents, 1804.

I. & M. Ottenheimer, 661 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

Glover's Book of Long Ago, by Lyman P. Glover.

W. M. Palmer, 20 Monroe St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Eastman, Kitty Kent's Troubles.
Roe, James Montjoy.
Roe, True to the Last.
Wright, Wife Hard Won.

E. R. Pelton, 19 E. 16th St., N. Y.

Public Health, vs. 5, 6, 3, and 10. (Reports and papers of the American Public Health Association.)

M. Pfister, 948 6th Ave., N. Y.

Valentine's Manual, 1841 to 1842, with maps, complete, and any other odd vols.

The Pilgrim Press, 175 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Upham's Salem Witchcraft.
5 copies Black's Practical Primary Plans.
Barrow, Parliament of Religion.
Old Montmorency's Money.

Isaac Pitman & Sons, 33 Union Sq., N. Y. [*Cash.*]

Pitman's Shorthand Weekly, v. 1, 3 and 6.
Spanish Phonography, by G. Parody.

Portland, Oregon, Library Association, Portland, Ore.

Outlook, 1894, March 10; 1895, April 13, 20, May 25, June; index; 1895, v. 52; 1896, Jan., Feb., March 14, 21, 28.
Popular Science Monthly, 1875, October; index; 1879, October, index.

Pratt Institute Free Library, Ryerson St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Brewer, J. S., Reign of Henry VIII., ed. by J. Gairdner, 2 v.
Curzon, Hon. J., Russia in Central Asia.
American Missionary for January, 1899.

Public Library, Cincinnati, O.

Cosmopolitan, Dec., 1893.
Country Life in America, Nov., 1901; Jan., 1902.
Inland Printer, vs. 24, 26.

Purdy's Book Store, 1009 Congress Ave., Houston, Tex.

Boyer's French Dictionary, with Tardy's Pronunciation. Benjamin B. Mussey, publisher, 1844. No earlier ed.

S. G. Rains Co., 389 5th Ave, N. Y.

Maupassant, Short Stories, trs. Whittling Lord.
Maupassant, Ladies' Man, trs. Vizetelly. Lond., 1887.
Maupassant, Woman's Life, trs. Vizetelly. Lond., 1887.
Maupassant, Boule de Suif, trs. Heinemann, Lond., 1899.
Maupassant, New Stories, pub. by Minerva Pub., N. Y., 1890.
Maupassant, Two Brothers, Lippincott.
La Fontaine, Tales and Novels, trs. from the French, 2 v. Paris, 1884.

H. M. Reynolds, Box 835, Bisbee, Ariz. [*Cash.*]

Book Lover, nos. 1 and 2.
Poems of Richard Realf, pamphlet. San Jose, Cal.
Six Months in Mexico, Nelly Bly.
John Jasper's Secret, Peterson ed.

A. M. Robertson, 126 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.

Magda, Sudermann.
Lady Windermere's Fan, Oscar Wilde.
Importance of Being in Earnest, Oscar Wilde.
Adventures of a Chinaman, Verne.

Philip Roeder, 616 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Morris, Art and Craft of Printing.
Days and Nights in the Tropics, by Oswald.
Zoological Sketches, by Oswald.
Lespinasse Letters.

Rohde & Haskins, 16 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

McGaffney's Sonnets to a Wife, pub. by Reedy.

Wm. B. Ropes, Mt. Vernon, Skagit Co., Wash.

Dugdale, The Jukes.
Ropes, J. C., Army Under Pope.
Little Folks' Ill. Annual, '98-'99, Estes.
Gaskell's Comp. Business Forms.
Pickering Genealogy, 4 v., 8vo.

J. Francis Ruggles, Bronson, Mich.

Poems of Lucretius.

St. Paul Book and Stationery Co., 5th and St. Peter Sts., St. Paul, Minn.

Autobiography of Trollope, $1.25 ed.
Prescott's Conquest of Mexico, Lib. ed., large print.

Scrantom, Wetmore & Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Gould, Germany Past and Present.
Reed, Library Modern Eloquence, 10 v.

Shepard Book Co., 272 S. State St., Salt Lake City, U.

Jefferson (Thos.), Works, any ed.
Hamilton (Alex.), Works, any ed.
Muster Out Rolls of Rebellion for States of Minn., Ia., Mo., Ark., Neb.. Kas., Cal., and N. M.

The Shorthand Institute, 8 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Printed trials, debates and reports, taken in shorthand by Lloyd, Evans, Gould, Merrick, etc.
Transactions Royal Society for year 1748.
Dearborn's Am. Text-book for Letters, 3d ed., 1846.
Any old or curious shorthand book or ms.

John Skinner, 44 N. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.

Potter Genealogy.
Pearson, Albany and Schenectady Settlers.
Aubury's Travels, 2 v., 1789.
Anything relating to the Arnold family, Colonial period.
Brewster, Elder, William or son Jonathan.
Barnum, Spy Unmasked.
Willett, Narrative.
Treat, Gov. of Conn.
Thomas' Travels.
Morgan's League of Iroquois.
Schoolcraft's Indians.

The Smith Book Co., 143 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

2 v. ed. of Froissart.

Smith Bros., 12th and Washington Sts., Oakland, Cal.

Pathological Horseshoeing, by Joseph Brine Coleman, V.S. Pub. by author, 1876, Press, Henry Fish & Co., 146 Clark St., Chicago.
A Night in a Moorish Harem.

Society Library, 109 University Pl., N. Y.

The Contract, by Royall Tyler.

Speyer & Peters, Berlin, N. W. F., Germany.

Annales de Dermatologie.
Archiv. für Patholog. Anatomie. (Virchow.)
Centralblatt für Bakteriologie.
Centralblatt für Chirurgie.
Centralblatt für Gynaekologie.
Dental Cosmos.
Engineering.
Journal für Prakt. Chemie., v. 1-57, 94-102.
Journal of American Chemical Society, 1889-1901.
Low, English Catalogue of Books, all out.
Journal of Cutaneous Diseases.
American Journal of Obstetrics.
Please offer sets or single vols. or nos. Catalogues of second-hand medical books are welcome.

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The Stiefel Masonic Book Co., 106 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

Ritual of the (Masonic) Order of High Priesthood.
Pro. Sup. Council Southern Jur. A. A. S. R., 1872-'80, '86.

Strawbridge & Clothier, Market St., Phila., Pa.

Grosvenor, American Securities, 1885.

Sullivan & Eyer, Dayton, O. [*Cash.*]

History of Town of Whately, Mass., from 1660 to 1871, by J. H. Temple, pub. by T. R. Mann & Son, 1872.

Syndicate Trading Co., 2 Walker St., N. Y.

Century Magazine, February, 1882.

J. F. Taylor & Co., 5 E. 16th St., N. Y.

Cooper vignettes from drawings by F. O. C. Darley. New York, James G. Gregory, 1862, folio.
Autographs or manuscripts of Parkman, Lamb, or Thackeray.

Thos. J. Taylor, Taunton, Mass.

Poole's Index to Periodical Literature.
Krehbiel, Reviews of N. Y. Musical Seasons, all except 1886-7.
Music publishers' complete catalogues, English and European.

D. H. Tripp & Son, 206 Main St., Peoria, Ill.

Trial of Daniel E. Sickles for murder of Phillip Barton Key, in 1859.

W. H. Walker, 58 Moffatt St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Philip Rollo; Frank Hilton; Harry Ogilvie, by James Grant.

John Wanamaker, N. Y.

Joaquin Miller's Poems, new copy.

Montgomery Ward & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Rivers of Life, by Gerald Massey.

Geo. E. Warner, Minneapolis, Minn.

J. L. Lessly, Modern Universalism.
Patterson, Memoirs of Johnson and Mathewson.
Any county history or biography.
Minnesota Constitutional Convention, Smith.

H. Welter, 4 Rue Bernard-Palissy, Paris.

Tryon, Manual of Conchology.

The Western Book and Stationery Co., 1126 16th St. Denver, Colo.

Other People's Children, by John Habberton.

Thomas Whittaker, 2 Bible House, N. Y.

Orations and Speeches, by Chauncey M. Depew.
A Year at St. Margaret's. (3 copies.)

J. H. Whitty, 831 E. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Virginia Items.
Southern Literary Messages.
1000 cheap paper back novels.

W. H. Wood & Co., 8 E. Main St., Springfield, O.

Appleton, Modern Mechanism.
Brewer, World's Best Orations.
Modern Eloquence, ed. by T. B. Reed.
Numbers, by Westcott.
Elpis Israel, by Dr. Thomas.

BOOKS FOR SALE.

R. W. Crothers, 246 4th Ave., N. Y.

Ency. Britannica, 24 v., cl., Stoddard & Co., 9th ed.

Alex. Duncker (H. von Carnap), 178 Fulton St., N. Y.

Calvinus, Opera ed., Baum, Cunitz et Reuss, 59 v., 1863 to 1900, hf. mor.
Engineering (London), v. 1 to 68, 1866 to 1898.
The Engineer (London), v. 1 to 80, 1856 to 1895.
Journal of Am. Chem. Soc., v. 1 to 22, hf. mor. or cl.
Nature, v. 1 to 44, 1869 to 1891.
U. S. Geolog. Survey, I. Powell, Director, 2d to 6th Annual Report, 1880 to 1885, cloth.

M. Nystrom, 768 N. Talman Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Pall Mall Magazine, complete set in numbers.
Philistine, complete set in publisher's binding.
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